



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.



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THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O.S.B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

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I do not long for corruptible food, or for the joys of this world. I long to eat of the Body of Jesus Christ and to drink His Precious Blood.—St. Ignatius Martyr.

Song

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Rose-petals, white and red, lie scattered, here and there,
Where once—but yesterday—had been proud bowing roses;

Yet who but God shall care:

For roses just as fair,

Are rising from the spot where loveliness reposes.

THE GRAIL

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED
BY THE BENEDICTINES

WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, JANUARY, 1923

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Happy New Year!

Although THE GRAIL may not reach you on or before January 1, 1923, nevertheless we take this opportunity to wish all our readers, friends, subscribers, and other benefactors a happy and blessed New Year. May God protect you all, bestow much peace, happiness, and contentment upon you throughout the year.

Church Unity Octave at Vienna

According to word received from abroad, Church Unity Octave will be celebrated quite solemnly at Vienna this year, not, however, from Jan. 18 to 25, but from Sunday to Sunday, Jan. 21 to 28. This week of prayer for the furtherance of the Faith, "Glaubenswoche," as they call it, will be directed especially against the Adventists, Mormons, and other sects, which are very active there at present. In ten of the large churches of the city a sermon will be preached each day of the octave while in the smaller churches there will be at least one sermon. The whole week is to be employed in the endeavor to bring back to the Church all who have renounced their faith. In all the churches a solemn act of reparation will take place on the last day of the octave.

Church Unity Octave

On several occasions we have called the attention of our readers to the vast multitude of Christians without the true fold, who number some 311,000,000, besides 12,000,000 Jews, 235,000,000 Mohammedans, and, what seems almost incredible, 828,000,000 who are not even Christians. It was for the salvation of all these that the Savior died on Calvary. He prayed to His Heavenly Father that they might all be one. This, too, should be our constant prayer, if our religion is dear to us and if we have the interests of Christ at heart. We can, at least, and should, join in the "octave of prayer" which begins on Jan. 18 and closes on the 25th.

This "octave of prayer" or eight days' prayer was first blessed and approved by Pope Pius X. Then

Benedict XV extended it to the whole world and granted a plenary indulgence on the first day of the octave or on the last to all who take part in it, provided of course they fulfill the usual conditions—receive the sacraments and pray according to the intentions of the Holy Father. Pope Pius XI has promised to offer up a Mass during the octave that God may deign to bring about this union for which we pray.

The Church Unity Octave should appeal to all Catholics and especially to such as are interested in the missions. Therefore it should appeal also in a special manner to the members of the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom as the object of both are union and unity. Let the members of the I.E.L. do their utmost to help spread the League everywhere that souls may be won to God, that all may become one in the true faith.

Pope Benedict XV decreed that the following prayer, to which an indulgence of 200 days is granted on each day of the Octave, should be recited.

PRAYER

ANTIPHON. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. (St. John 17:21.)

V. I say unto thee that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

LET US PRAY

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that Peace and Unity which are agreeable to Thy Will Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

Of course good Catholics will not be satisfied merely with this short prayer, they will add others of their own choosing—a decade of the rosary, for instance, or better, five decades; they will also receive Holy Commun-

ion daily, if possible, that the Savior, seeing our earnestness, may hasten the day of union. Do not overlook the plenary indulgence on the first day or on the last.

The particular intentions for each day of the Octave are the following:

Jan. 18. *Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome.* The return of all the "Other Sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The Repairing of the 16th Century Breach between England and Rome.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. *Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.* The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

The Dawning Year

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

New Year's Day always brings with its wishes for a "happy New Year" also much talk of "turning over a new leaf," of new resolutions, etc. I know not how many of these "resolutions" are carried out. Perhaps, it may be fortunate that some are not kept, for they might not be for the best. However, do not think I am one to condemn the making of New Year resolutions. You never do anything good and meritorious without resolving to do it. My point is that we should not disregard essentials for conventional fads and fancies.

The ushering in of the New Year is always a solemn moment, in spite of the salvos of wild greetings extended to it. It is a solemn moment, not so much for the coming year, as for that which is now passing. We are brought to realize that, with the coming of the year 1923, 1922 automatically withdraws itself behind the scenes of time and sinks back into the sphere of years and centuries and ages that are past, never more to return and beyond recall. Whatsoever we have achieved or whatsoever omitted to do—all this is written in the book of that year, closed and sealed until the great day when the Angel of Judgment will bring us to account, and will reckon for us life's debits and credits.

It is the moment for regrets. Regrets for the evil that we have wrought and for the good that we might have done. Shall we speak of these as useless regrets? Useless, indeed, for that they are beyond recall, but salutary in that they helpfully guide us in the making of new resolves.

Assuredly nothing will count so much against us in the day of reckoning as the wrong we have done our

fellowmen, be it by deed or omission. And if there is ever a regret that is keen and lasting, it is the remembrance of our failings on this point. It is then for each one of us, according to his circumstances of life, to resolve upon a greater practice of charity for the coming year.

But since THE GRAIL is so much of the family, I would suggest that we consider well our duties of charity in the family circle.

The result of charity is to make others happy. In the family this requires but a little, a very little, of that which is often lacking, viz., thoughtfulness. It is seldom our purpose to make others unhappy, or rather to neglect to bring happiness into the lives of others. If we were but a bit thoughtful of others, we could easily devise means without number for spreading joy about us.

First of all, you cannot overdo sincere courtesy and affection in the family. With others, you are often forced by conventions of society to be polite and serviceable. In the family we should make this a specialty. Affectionate greetings and good-bye's, sympathy, cheerfulness, patience, endearing terms,—all these are a treasure in the home, more to be sought than any financial or temporal well-being. For what can be compared to peace, contentment, and happiness in the home? Where charity reigns, the family is one, the children and parents love to be at home and together. Home will be a home where you *live*, not a place to eat and sleep.

This thoughtfulness, moreover, will make us see the value and happy results of another species of family charity so often neglected. I refer to the opportune bestowal of praise and encouragement on one another. How mother's face brightens when Paul, with mouth quite full, manages to blubber, "Say, mom, this is some pie!" How little Cecile beams when mama says before all that their little girl has been very obedient and helpful. And Esther will not fail to feel better when some one says, "You sure look swell in that hat." This isn't flattery, for it is from the heart and all of charity with great results. We can easily go our way of life with but little notice for the rest of the family. But God alone knows what a lonesome life each one of us has in all circumstances. So let us see to it that those about us be lightened of their burden as often as we have opportunity.

Regret

NANCY BUCKLEY

I banished you with jesting
That heeded not your fears,
I turned to Love and Laughter
And found no place for tears.

Now that you're gone, I'm wiser,
I seek you everywhere,
My eyes are wet with weeping
And life's no longer fair.

The Holy Grail

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

(Continued)

THE TEMPLE

On high Monsalvat's rocky crest,
The good knights guard the Holy Grail,
And heathen hordes may storm that pale
In vain, through demons aid their quest.

To east to west to south to north
Each pass is guarded by a knight—
The watch is changed upon the height—
A mystic bell the hours ring forth.

Nor thirst nor hunger wastes the band,
Nor cold nor weariness of limb,—
The rays that from the chalice brim
Heal every wound of sword and brand.

Now Titurel in faith sublime
Would build the Cup a fitting place,
A shrine wherein this thing of grace
Might rest until the end of time.

He chose a spot where blank and dim
The forest stretched to north away,
And high above, the snow-wreaths lay
Against the heavens' encircling rim.

To right and left the torrents poured
Eterna', from the basins high
That mid the clouds and cold mists lie,
To clothe with green the valley sward.

To south the moutains rolled away
In bloomy heaths or levels green,
With here and there a rock between
Until it reached a river gray,

Upon whose bank an abbey stands,
Where bearers of the Gospel dwell
And Christian hymns defiant swell
Night, noon, and morn o'er pagan lands.

High up the cliffs the fierce Klingschor
His wicked court in triumph keeps;
Within it many a maiden weeps
And sorcery guards the iron door.

An onyx was the temple's base,
All smooth and polished seven times seven
The building stones were sent from heaven,
And angels took the workmen's place

When night brought rest. And so it grew,
Façade and plinth and pillar fair,
Nor lacked it gems and carvings rare.
Sculpture paintings rich and true

Showed every symbol of our Lord,
From gentle Isaac, Abraham's son,
Till blossomed forth the Holy One,
As written in the Sacred Word.

Fair groups or simple figures fill
The niches or adorn the wall,
The lights from mullioned windows fall
To aid or show the artist's skill.

From many a cornice flocks of birds
All gaily colored seemed to fly,
And wreathing roses mocked the eye
And scrolls bore God's enduring words.

In stately lines the pillars held
The noble arches where were traced
Sun, moon, and stars all rightly spaced
And here a wonder art excelled,



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E. V. STEINLE: THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL

For lo! the heavenly bodies moved,
As those that in the skies appear,
To music in their narrow sphere,
And thus the touch of angels proved.

And six times twelve the towers arose
And in each tower a bell was hung
And each by mystic power was rung
To warn the knights of lurking foes.

And deep within the sacred fane
Was builded in the center place
A tabernacle of such grace
As has not been nor shall again—

The hard stones blossomed into flowers
Beneath the chisel's craft and skill,
And clustering grapes and song birds fill
This garden wrought by human powers.

The beaten gold shed yellow light,
The silver, moonwhite rays serene,
The changing opal, emerald green,
Ruby and diamond sparkled bright.

As many days beneath the sun
Had passed in building as there be
'Twixt Bethlehem's crib and Calvary's tree
Until the masterpiece was done.

The bells ring out, the hour has come,
In midair hangs the vessel blest—
Will heaven permit that it may rest
Where man has fashioned it a home?

The priests before the altar fair
Are vested for the holy Mass,
The knights in long procession pass,
"Kyrie Eleison" fills the air.

The "Gloria" swells and rises higher,
Sung by a score deep throated knights,
A glory crowns the altar lights
And streams from heaven and angel choir.

The chancel glows with rainbow light,
And floods of pulsing music thrill
Divine and human voices fill
The archéd space, and as at night

A star slips from the purple dome,
Enwreathed in a floating veil
Of airy cloud the Holy Grail
Glides to its tabernacled home.

(To be continued)

About Memory

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C., LL. D.

IN the opinion of mankind generally, there is probably no other mental endowment that gives such direct and tangible evidence of mental power as the possession of an unusually good

memory. As to what really constitutes a good memory, however, there are various opinions, and not a few of them are erroneous. We have all heard much about the receptive memory of children, as compared with the defective memories of their elders; but the truth is that the great, if not the only, superiority of the children consists in their greater patience in repetition, in going over and over and over again the matter which they are getting by heart. "In point of fact," says Dr. Henry Smith Williams, "despite the popular belief to the contrary, most adults could learn more of a given subject in a given time than ever they could have done when they were children." That statement may impress the ordinary reader as exaggeration; but he may, if he will, prove that it is true both in theory and in fact.

As for theory, the factors of most importance in memorizing, or committing to memory, are interest, attention or concentration, method, strength of will; and, as regard each such factor, the child is evidently at a disadvantage as compared with the man. With respect to retention, or the keeping in the memory what has been got by heart, the all-important process is repetition; and obviously it depends altogether on the adult will whether or not he repeats as often as does his junior. In practice, any man can demonstrate to his own entire satisfaction that, if he really wishes to commit to memory prose matter, poetical quotations, or lists of names and dates, and is determined to do so, he can accomplish the task. The accomplishment may at first take some little time, but ordinary practice will facilitate the process; and he will discover that what he has been wont to call his poor memory was in reality his failure to give his memory a reasonable chance.

It is probable that the great majority of adults rarely give their memories any specific task to perform, rarely set out to memorize any considerable lesson. To learn by rote they look upon as a task for school boys, not a congruous occupation for grown men. In consequence their talk about memory concerns almost entirely the matter of retention, not the acquisition of things to be retained. When we speak of such a person's having a poor memory for faces or a good memory for dates, we do not usually mean that the person has made a serious and methodical effort to remember either the one or the other, and has failed or succeeded; but simply that without any conscious effort the dates recur to him, and that, even with present effort, the names do not. The psychological explanation of the matter is that dates make a more vivid impression on his mind than do names. Vivid impressions are invariably the most lasting, and the more interested we are in

persons or things the more vivid our impressions of them.

It has already been said that the key to retention is repetition. This is the obvious explanation of the commonplace that the old can remember well enough the events of forty or fifty years ago while they forget matters of quite recent occurrence. In the first place, forty or fifty years ago, they were naturally more interested in events than they are at present, and, in the second, they have spoken of those events time and time again, have retold them over and over from year to year,—in other words they have used the key of retention, they have repeated. There is nothing more natural than that experience lessens the vividness of the im-

pressions received in the ordinary routine of life. The young find novelty in a thousand things which are not at all new to the elderly, and are accordingly more interested in them and are more vividly impressed thereby. As a rule, it will be found that such of the elderly or old as retain their interest in the events of the day, such of them as have what it is customary to call "youthful hearts," will remember the things of yesterday as vividly as they do those of yester year.

Apropos of the old, a specialist on memory tells us that the faculty is capable of development even when the step has grown feeble and the hair turned gray. It is never too late to learn, even to learn by heart.

Donson Tumbles

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE interurban, with its load of men and women on their way to shop and office, had just passed Raven Forest and was rapidly nearing the heart of the busy city. Across from Harold Donson, a wealthy real estate broker who dwelt in a stately mansion at Tremont Place, were two young men discussing local affairs.

"A new parish at Tremont Place! Go on! What are you giving us?"

"Yes sir, and a certain Father Gilbert is at work organizing the new parish."

"Oho!" chuckled the real estate dealer, who had control of all the available property in that vicinity, "take my word for it, no Catholic Church will be built there, if my name is Donson."

"What do you know about that, Tom!" he exclaimed to a business acquaintance as he alighted from the car, "the Catholics up on the hill are going to build a church right under my very nose. But, believe me, they have reckoned without their host this time if I know anything about it," the irate man went on.

"Don't you think a church up there would prove a blessing to you?"

"Blessing nothing! Not if it is a Catholic Church. Of course it might raise the price of property because these papists would only be dead anxious to settle in the vicinity. But neither they nor their church will ever get so much as a foothold at Tremont Place if I have anything to say about it."

Thomas Fuller was a friend of Father Gilbert and he put the priest "next." But the latter was not a novice in honest diplomacy and he soon found means to get over the difficulty. Through the aid of a non-Catholic the proper-

ty was secured. Thus thrown off his guard, Donson readily signed the deed with a feeling of satisfaction that none of the despised tribe would get that place at least. But what was his chagrin not long afterwards to hear that the property had passed into the hands of the Catholics. Controlling his ill temper, however, he decided to await developments.

Great preparation were made for the laying of the corner stone. In his sermon on the occasion, Father Gilbert congratulated the newly formed congregation on their successful efforts to erect a house to the Most High in which He should dwell in their very midst. The Israelites in the desert carried about with them a tabernacle, a portable temple which was the center of their worship. Around this tabernacle the children of God pitched their own tents. Here the manna fell; here the people said their prayers, offered their sacrifices, and received innumerable blessings. But in the Catholic Church is the manna of the Eucharist, which is not only the occasion, but the source of every blessing.

"A church," he continued, taking a thought from St. John Chrysostom, "is to a vicinity what a bulwark is to a city. It becomes a wall of defense against the devil. The ground on which the house of God stands is converted into a paradise. It is changed into a 'fountain of living waters springing up into life everlasting,' a spring pouring out blessings far and wide. Such a spot must become, as it were, a lightning rod which grounds the thunderbolts that descend from God's justice. In this building the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is soon to be celebrated. But, as a recent writer says in the words of a venerable prelate, 'A town or a

district in which Holy Mass has once been said belongs to Christ and He will claim it as His own sooner or later. Such a place is consecrated to God; Satan is held at bay and the conversion of the people will follow."

At the conclusion of the services Donson slowly made his way homeward. "What can that conceited priest mean?" he muttered to himself. "Does he intend to inveigle me into his church? Is that the kind of blessing he promises to pour out? Well, if I know myself, February will have thirty days before Harold Donson worships the Pope of Rome."

The housemaid at the Donson home happened to be a Catholic. Many a time she was compelled to listen to tirades on the Church and the slanderous tales which, though oft refuted, still had their charms for the "old grouch." In reply to her question whether or not she should look for another position, Father Gilbert advised her to remain where she was, adding, "Catholic activity around the Eucharist will soon be causing a stir here and it will give the old man something to think about. He will need someone to answer his questions."

The new church, completed at last, was dedicated to the service of God. Keeping eyes and ears open, Donson never ceased to cast slurs on the faithful and the practices of religion, yet his natural inquisitiveness brought forth many a question, asked out of curiosity rather than with the desire to know.

The chug chug and honk honk of automobiles bringing the worshipers to early Mass on the Sunday following the dedication, roused neighbor Donson from pleasant dreams. Discovering that it was not a fire, as he had feared, but people going to church at that unearthly hour of the morning, you may be sure it was not a benediction that he invoked upon the heads of these disturbers of his peace. The Catholics had already begun to change the quiet of Sunday morning into a Jews' market. The turmoil of Sunday worship had now robbed Tremont Place of all its charm.

To her employer's query what it was that brought out people just at the hour when sleep was the sweetest, the housemaid replied that they were going to Mass, "for the Eucharistic sacrifice brings them to church both early and late. All Catholics have to go to Mass on Sunday."

"H'm, h'm!" was the only rejoinder.

Then school opened. The children came long before it was time for the children of the public schools to appear. Again he wanted to know the reason.

"It is customary for them to attend Mass before the work of the day is taken up."

Several times business matters forced him to rise early himself. Even on these cold winter mornings he noticed some people enter the church before break of day—and his own maid was among them.

"You Catholics are regular night prowlers," he grumbled. "You slink along as if you feared the light of day."

"Well, it is the best time for many who wish to receive the Holy Eucharist each morning. During the day we have to work and we haven't the strength to do so without this spiritual food."

As the saying goes, the constant drip of water wears away the hardest stone, so it was with the carping Donson. Scarcely anyone ever crossed the threshold of church or school without being observed by the faultfinder from his place at the window. Occasionally he would break out with, "Jones is a hypocrite," or, "Smith has no business to be at church at such a time of the day when there is no service."

Knowing what such statements meant, the maid forestalled further slurs by telling him that these people felt impelled to pay a visit to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, that they bring Him their troubles and go away with a feeling of relief.

"Relief!" he growled. "Well I should say—in their imagination. These Catholics are funny people. I can't understand them at all."

More than one night, as he lay sleepless on his bed, the flickering of the sanctuary lamp across the way seemed to haunt him. "Why do they leave lights burning in their church?" he asked himself without being able to find an answer. "What need is there of a light at night when the church is locked and no one is there?" Something seemed to whisper that the light kept watch day and night before the Eucharistic Lord.

Once in a great while he observed Father Gilbert drive up rapidly, hasten into the church, rush out again, and speed off. What did it all mean? Why was he in such a hurry? Surely the *Eucharist* could have nothing to do with it this time, for the priest was not so ignorant as to believe such incredible doctrines, it was only a priest-ridden people that practiced this idolatry.

Bigotry, which is one of the fruits of ignorance, dies hard. That a priest, through whom alone the Eucharist is possible, should not believe in the divine presence is unthinkable. Donson needed enlightenment and the maid informed him that the priest went on a sick call and that he took our Lord in the Holy Eucharist along to give to the sick person as viaticum, or food for the long journey to eternity.

Observing for a long time what a beneficent influence the Church has on her children, and finding out that his views were nearly always wrong, he gradually showed less hostility. The children, too, noticed that he was less grouchy. In fact, he began to comment on their exemplary behavior. He even wrote a letter of commendation to the public school board.

Meeting one evening some of the little ones who were later than the rest, he asked whether their teacher had kept them after school. They replied that they had stopped in the church to visit our Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

"Surely these children cannot be deceived," he thought. "There must be something in it after all." The slurring ceased. Books and pamphlets explaining the doctrines of the Church were read stealthily, for it would be a mark of weakness to appear to show the white feather by yielding to the influence of the Church.

Several years passed when one night Father Gilbert's door bell gave a violent nervous ring. "Father, quick," said the caller bewildered, "Mr. Donson is very ill and he wants to see you at once."

"Wants to see me? Aren't you mistaken? Mr. Donson is not a member of our Church."

"Yes, Father, make haste. He called for you."

"Don't be surprised, Father," said the patient, when Father Gilbert had arrived. "I have been a keen observer of all that has been going on. I have made inquiries and I have been reading too. To nearly all the questions that I have put almost invariably the answer had something to do with the Eucharist. This I believe is the secret of your success. I can now understand what you meant at the laying of the corner stone when you said that the church would be a great source of blessing from the Eucharist. May I share in that blessing too?"

"Most certainly, if you believe."

"No one could refuse to believe after hearing and seeing what I have heard and seen. Yes, I firmly believe that the Catholic Church with the Holy Eucharist is really a source of untold blessing. I am ready, Father, to be received into the Church."

Saint Adalard

"**H**OLY desires are the wings with which the saints burst every earthly tie and fly to the mount of perfection, where they find that peace which the world cannot give," says St. Alphonsus Liguori. This desire to serve Our Lord in the most perfect way prompted St. Adalard to forsake a career of more than usual promise in the world and take the monastic habit.

Born of illustrious parents and cousin to Charlemagne, he was made a count in the palace of this great prince. Possessed of rare accomplishments of mind, and endowed with prowess and physical beauty, he was admired and courted by a brilliant and talented assembly in the house of the king, yet, fearful of offending God and losing His grace, he counted all this as nothing, and forsook it, and began the life of a poor religious. His choice is all the more remarkable in that it was made by a youth of twenty.

After spending a year in the exercises of his novitiate in the celebrated Benedictine abbey at Corbie, in Picardy, he made his vows and for a time was given the humble employment of gardener. Out of humility and a desire for closer retirement, he obtained leave to enter Mount Cassino, where he hoped to be forgotten by the world, but his talents and example of virtue defeated his purpose, and he was brought back to Corbie and some years after chosen abbot. Later he was obliged by Charlemagne to become one of his chief counsellors and acted for a time as tutor to his son. In this situation he was a member of the king's household, and was sent by him to Pope Leo III to assist in the discussion of theological controversies. In these exalting and distracting situations he was an example of the truth "that only he who loves solitude can safely appear in public," for in all his work he appeared recollected and attentive to God, and, when opportunity permitted, retired to the chapel or his room that he might be alone with Him.

After the death of their father Charlemagne's sons Lewis and Bernard quarrelled, and Lewis, who succeeded his father, unjustly suspected the saint of favoring the cause of Bernard and banished him to a monastery on an island off the coast of Aquitaine. This exile St. Adalard regarded as his gain, and the tranquillity of his soul was not disturbed. At the end of five years the king, convinced of his mistake and the innocence of St. Adalard, made every effort to atone for his injustice, and offered him many honorable positions and places of trust, but St. Adalard, elevated in spirit above the things of earth, was the same in prosperity as in adversity. Two years after his recall from banishment he was permitted to return to the Abbey of Corbie.

By his example and endeavors those under his care advanced daily in fervor. The inhabitants of the country surrounding the monastery had a share in his pious labors, and he gave generously to the poor. He built several hospitals, and when he had given so liberally toward their support that he had almost exhaust-

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The Nuns of St. Mary's

S. M. R., O. S. B.

Part I. Monasticism at Home (Continued)

SISTER JOAN

SISTER Joan's shoulder and veil have a way of protruding on one side, always the side next to you, and it used to impress some who had newly come to the cloister with having something to do with recollectiveness — they could not exactly say what. She is wont to say her rosary, beads visible, when she has finished her dinner, always in good time, of course, even on fast days; although Sr. Editha and others will go on fiddling with their apples or other dessert until the last moment and the bell rings for the reading to stop and the "young ones" to get up and "debarrasser" as this sort of "general post" is called. Sr. Joan thinks these same juniors need edification, and they do, she lets them see by attitude and act how the novices were trained to perfection in her young days.

But there is another side, idiosyncrasies (and who is without them?) do not take from the real nobility of self-sacrifice: she is to be found kneeling in her place for meditation in the grey hours of a cold winter's morning in spite of the infirmities of three score years and ten. That she has a heart of gold nobody in this large community will deny.

If "Little Jack Horner sat in his corner and said what a good boy am I!" he was doing nobody any harm and perhaps doing some good by making of the more bumptious of the Horner circle feel inferior, a sort of equalisation that leads to peace. St. Benedict knew that and recognises it in principle: he says, "if a brother needs dispensations let him be humbled for his infirmity and so all the members of the community shall be in peace."

That was a very naughty little boy who wrote

in his mother's autograph book, the one she kept especially for celebrities:

*"Let the young people mind
What the old people say,
And not do as they do,
But do as they say."*

Your fond son Hugh.

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

It was nearing the end of the summer holidays, the sun was pouring down his grace into nature; not gilding or changing everything into himself, but taking creation just as it was, tree, grass, garden, glade, and bringing out the special form and beauty of each.

It was the end of the midday recreation, Sr. Hilda and Sr. Rosalie came and took up their stand before the trio sitting on the wooden bench after their mile walk round the park. "Have you read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" asked Sr. Rosalie. Sr. Lioba had read it twenty years ago and it set her thinking: the ship, the splash in the water, the Methodist minister on board, it all came back, and she saw not the green grass before her, but the blue waters of the Mississippi and she was on the deck. "What were those words the old negro slave was spelling out of his bible when his luck turned?" she asked meditatively. "Oh yes, when the little girl fell overboard and he jumped in to save her," said Sr. Rosalie. It was aggravating, they were a text of St. John and Sr. Lioba could not get it. The bell, the big bell in the cloister, said: ONE, TWO, THREE, "the end of recreation," FOUR, FIVE, SIX, "stop talking." The various groups scattered about went towards the west door.

What were those words though? there they were, photographed on her brain right enough, but the film had faded a bit, there was no use focussing it too long, she gave up consciously thinking and followed into the house. It was the time for something else, in this case her needlework, and then of course, as always happens, the words came clearly back of themselves. "Let not your heart be troubled." Her heart was troubled for the last day or two — she scarcely knew why; she felt apprehensive perhaps before the unknown. Deep down in human nature there is always a vague fear lurking about the unknown. People who have never had an operation dread one and the doctors say their best patients are generally those who have already been under the knife. Old people tired of life will tell you they "long to go" where the



THE REFECTORY

weary are at rest, but they dread facing the unknown. Timid children take refuge in their mother's skirts on the approach of one unknown to them. The eight weeks of school holidays had gone like a dream and there was the autumn term ahead. What would it bring?

When the vesper bell rang Sr. Lioba went to the old oak stall in the choir and took out the New Testament lent her from the library and marked the place in Saint John's gospel: "Let not your heart be troubled," it seemed to help to spell the words slowly as Old Tom did: L-e-t n-o-t y-o-u-r h-e-a-r-t b-e t-r-o-u-b-l-e-d.

ALEXANDROVINA

Alexandrina had come to school. There is always a certain amount of speculation about a new girl before she actually arrives on the scene. "What is the name of the new child we were told was coming today? Alexander—something?" Sister Lioba did not know, but ventured, "Alexandrovina."

There was a pause; then Nelly reflected: "I wonder what Alexandernovena will be like. Will she be very silent?"

Sr. Lioba had to laugh: "if she is at all like the rest of the family she certainly won't be much given that way."

The door was thrown open and in walked "Alexander-novena": a close crop of curly hair, bare legs and feet, sandals; the brown sunburnt legs matched the complexion and seemed to go well with the healthy comfortable figure of the child. Alexandernovena soon found she had come to the right place, a good thing too, for she had come all the way from Teneriffe. She was just Nelly's age, nine, while Celia and Bal were only just eight. Before long she came in first sometimes in the races, breathless with excitement as much as from running, and, sliding down the slippery floor of the big playroom, she managed to fall at the end, exactly in the right place, just as well as Nelly who had been practising it the whole of the previous term. This was the special amusement kept for wet days when there was no going out.

The day after the arrival of Alexandrovina it was raining so there was no hope of gathering nuts in the plantation as intended, and Sister Lioba sat making a sachet at the table. The rather noisy sliders soon came up to her, keen on knowing all about the fancy work; she was inventing a way of embroidering "handkerchiefs" and did not quite know how it was going to turn out, she told them.

They chattered away about all that they had to look forward to during the term for—wise little people—they kept all thought of work out of the hour for play. Celia's father had promised to come over and take them all in his big

motor to Loftusbury Castle. Did she think there were any secret rooms in Loftusbury Castle? She knew there was a dungeon and an old staircase at the back of the house where something very terrible had happened once, but she did not think there were any secret chambers. Bal's mother had been to an old castle in Cheshire and she saw a secret hiding place up a stairs and the bones of a man in it. "Probably a priest's hiding place of the olden days," remarked Sr. Lioba, half to herself.

Alexandrovina heard her: "Why did the priests have hiding places?"

"Because they would have been put to death by the Protestants if they were taken."

"But why?"

"You see," said Sr. Lioba, "the Protestants did not want to have Catholics in England and if there were no priests, there would be no Mass or confession or communion."

"But why didn't they want to have Catholics?" asked Alexandrovina, greatly surprised.

"Just because the king wanted to be head of the Church himself instead of the Pope."

"Who was that king?" pursued the little questioner.

"Henry VIII," answered Sr. Lioba, wondering if she were giving them a history lesson. Then she went on to tell how the priests would come to the house of a Catholic in the country, sometimes disguised as a poor man, sometimes as a rich, in the daylight to the front door or at night through the garden in the dark stealthily. Sometimes the squire would have a gentleman staying with him by the way for the hunting, and he would have the best horse in the stables and go to all the meets. Then the Catholics round about would come to know that he was a priest and would come to that house for Mass and would go to confession and communion. And those families would have none but Catholic servants who would keep their secrets and not tell the King's men about them. But sometimes a spy got in among the servants or somehow, and the priest taken and there would not be Mass there again for months, sometimes even for years.

The erstwhile sliders seemed to find this a very interesting topic, and had their eyes and ears open although Celia and Bal had climbed on the window ledge to swing their legs in "rhythmical motion"; Alexandrovina stood in front where she could shoot out her questions and Nelly sat directly behind the mistress's back. How true is it, that unless we are comfortable and at our ease we cannot give our attention—as Saint Theresa says somewhere speaking of prayer.

Sister Lioba went on to tell of the Penal

Laws: the death penalty, fines, confiscation, using only the simplest of language that they could understand.

"How did that priest die that Bal's mother saw the bones of?" Alexandrovina wanted to know.

"Oh he may have been beginning his Mass when he had a warning that the spies were upon him and he ran to the hiding place," a digression here to show when the priest is bound to finish his Mass, "and perhaps all the family were taken prisoners and the servants and there was no one to let him out and he died there of starvation."

"But I thought when you died you were all in a lump and Bal says the bones were in little bits."

"But he died, Alexandrovina, 400 years ago perhaps. Henry VIII was in fifteen hundred and something, and his clothes went first to rags, then to tatters, then to dust, and the flesh decayed and the skeleton broke off at the joints."

They had seen skeletons in a museum and could tell which were the joints of the body. That seemed to finish the priest, but she thought they had better have a real martyr after all the suppositions, so she told the story of Father Campion as she remembered reading it in Benson, years ago.

"There was a priest once, his name was Father Campion, he was a Jesuit." She described the house of the lady he was staying with, the stone arch which was built on to the house above the gateway; told how Fr. Campion gave Communion at his Mass on the Sunday and preached a sermon. The sermon was on Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, he spoke of England and how priests and Catholics were every day being put to death in a way that would make Jesus weep. There was a spy at that Mass and he saw and heard all. At dinner time a servant came in to say that the house was surrounded by armed men, but the priest got away to his hiding place, a sort of large hole or hollow in the archway. The searchers found nothing, and when the mistress of the house was quite certain they had gone quite away and would not come back she called everyone to her room—which was near the priest's hiding place—at midnight to hear another sermon from Fr. Campion. The spies were about and heard voices and forced in the door, but again the priest escaped. In the morning quite early they were going away, when the spy who had been to Mass, they called him Judas, looked up at the archway: "This has not been tried." The man he spoke to was in the secret and turned pale, that was enough for Judas, the wall was broken in and the priest was found.

"What did they do to him?"

"Well, they took him to the tower of London, the prison, had him put on the rack."

"What is the raft?"

"The rack, r-a-c-k," Sr. Lioba explained, "is four beams of wood—she had seen it in Paris—something like a frame, raised a little above the ground; you were made to lie down and your hands and feet fastened by ropes to the beams which were then forced out lengthways and the poor body was stretched out *inches* longer than it ever was before: like our Lord's body on the cross." Alexandrovina's head nodded pityingly. This was to make the priests tell the name of the families they had lived with or whom they knew to be Catholics, although none of them did tell, that she could remember.

"What happened to them then?" Alexandrovina liked finality.

"They were put on a hurdle and drawn to Tyburn."

"What is a hurdle?"

"It is a cart without springs or wheels." Four pairs of eyes were still questioning so she explained: "It was beams of wood nailed crosswise, the prisoner was tied to it and to it were yoked wild horses which started off at a gallop so that the poor prisoner's head bumped against the paving stones of the streets of London and his body was all jolted."

"Was Father Campion put on the hurdle?"

"Yes."

"What happened to him then?"

"He was drawn to Tyburn and he was hung." Sr. Lioba was not exactly prepared for the next question, from Alexandrovina, of course:

"How are you hung?"

"Oh you stand on a ladder or platform and a noose or loop is put round your neck and the ladder is taken away. . . . the bodies of the English martyrs were sometimes cut down before they were dead and their hearts taken out."

"Is that done now?"

"No, Alexandrovina, never, except by the savages in Teneriffe and places like that."

"I can tell you," said the little questioner with great emphasis, "that the Spaniards in Teneriffe are very cruel to their animals and treat them horribly, and the animals often turn on the men and kill them, and serve them jolly well right too!"

In well regulated states one member of parliament asks questions and leads the debate while the rest are content to follow; that seemed to be the rule in this small parliament "so strong is the sense of order in children"—Madame de Montessori's pet contention.

(To be continued)

The Welcome Home

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

BOTH the charmingly picturesque village of Hauteville, perched on the brow of a lofty crag overlooking the fertile valley, and its stately old chateau which crowned the summit of the mountain and stood out boldly against the blue sky, were in festive garb that day, and great was the joy not only of the master of the castle, but of all the peasantry around, for they loved and revered him as a father.

The Marquis d'Hauteville, who belonged to one of the oldest and most renowned families of the French nobility, had lost his beautiful young wife, whom he passionately loved, at the birth of their only son Henri. Broken-hearted at her untimely death, he had absolutely refused to marry again and had centered all his love and hopes on this son of his. An ardent Catholic and a keen politician, he had spent money, influence, and energy in fighting against the anti-Christian spirit so prevalent in the French government, and all the time he could spare from this he gave to his devotions, his charities, and his studies.

So long as his Henri had been a little boy he had kept him at home with a priest tutor who was also their chaplain, for there was a most beautiful and costly chapel in the chateau and in it they had the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament. When the boy grew a little older, however, he had thought it best to send him to the Jesuit school, saying:

"Make a savant and a fine man of him if you can, but above all make a fervent Catholic of my boy. That is the all-important thing."

After having finished his college course and passed his examinations most brilliantly, Henri had gone to St. Cyr, the great military training college, and there again he won high honors and successfully resisted all the temptations to worldliness and sin that besieged him, ever proclaiming that he was a fervent Catholic and proud of his religion. His example had shamed many of his comrades who had lacked his courage and had brought them back to God and the sacraments.

And now he was an officer, having passed all examinations with flying colors and coming out first of his class, and he was returning to take his place as heir to one of the largest fortunes and finest estates in the country, heir, too, to a name which had been honored for centuries. And that was why the castle and village were all decorated with flowers, and banners, and gay streamers. At the entrance to the village a huge triumphant arch had been erected and

there the villagers in holiday attire waited to receive the Marquis and his son. As soon as the carriage was seen coming up the hill, volley after volley was fired from old muskets, many of them rusty with age and disuse, and joyful shouts of "Long live the Count" rang out on all sides. When the carriage drove up, the peasants crowded round it, the horses were taken out, and stalwart men dragged the carriage up to the castle, no easy matter up such a steep and rocky grade. There all the servants and retainers were grouped on the chateau steps and Henri's old nurse, with tears of joy streaming down her face came forward with a huge bouquet as a welcome from them all. She tried to make a little speech but her voice broke with emotion and Henri, throwing his arms about her as he had done when a little fellow, kissed her on both cheeks, himself too moved to speak. Shouts of applause resounded on all sides and the young fellow's arm fairly ached with the hearty hand grips given and received, while he bowed and waved constantly to those unable to get near him. At last, standing at the chateau door, his hand on the shoulder of his proud and happy father, he made a telling little speech, thanking all for their splendid welcome and for the affection they had shown him and of which he hoped ever to prove worthy, and begging them all to look upon him as their faithful friend who wished at all times to share their joys and sorrows. He finished by inviting them all to a great banquet and ball the next evening.

Indoors a large party of friends and relations awaited them and after a grand dinner there was a ball which lasted far into the night. The hearts of many a mother and young beauty beat high with hope that evening, for Count Henri was one of the most splendid matches of the country. He had wealth, and title, and a brilliant future, and he was clever, highly educated, a zealous Catholic, strikingly handsome, and a nobleman to his finger tips. No wonder all the girls were eager to look their sweetest and attract his notice. For several days the festivities continued and it was quite a relief to father and son when these were over and they were at last able to have a quiet time in which to make plans for the future and enjoy to the full the happiness of being together once more. They were inseparable, going to Mass and Holy Communion in the morning, then studying, or going out shooting, or inspecting their farms, stopping to visit the neighboring peasants, kind

and helpful to every one, and happy as the day was long. So several blissful weeks went by. One evening father and son sat up late making delightful plans for sundry improvements which they meant to start the following week. At last they went to the chapel for evening prayers, which they said together every night and after which they always remained for a while in adoration. That day Henri knelt there so long that his father left him there, thanking God for having given him so devout a son.

At first the young man had prayed with so much spiritual joy and fervor that his heart seemed likely to burst with gratitude. He had so much to thank God for, he was so intensely happy. Then, all of a sudden, his very heart seemed to stand still with pain and dismay, for he heard as plainly as if his father were speaking to him, a voice from the tabernacle say:

"Your place is not here, it is as a poor Capuchin Missionary that I want you to work for me. Go, give all you have to the poor, then take up your cross and follow me." Henri thought he must be dreaming or the victim of some hallucination. He rose and shook himself, he made the sign of the Cross, he held up the crucifix of his rosary, but again and again the voice repeated the same words. Horror-stricken, the young Count fell on his knees, entreating Our Lord to give him some sign that this was not a morbid fancy or the work of the devil, and as he prayed a divine effulgence issued from the tabernacle lighting up the dim chapel as with a heavenly radiance while Henri fell prostrate in silent adoration.

When he looked up again the light was gone, but still he heard the voice saying, "Follow me in poverty as a Capuchin Missionary, that is where I need thee." For hours he remained in the chapel battling within himself, entreating Our Lord to have pity on him, on his father especially. His father! oh! it broke his heart to think of him! At last, towards morning, utterly exhausted with anguish of soul, he fairly staggered to his room, threw himself fully dressed upon his bed and fell into a merciful sleep.

The next day he came down late, looking so worn and ghastly that his father sprang towards him exclaiming:

"Henri! You are ill! why did you not call me?"

"No, I am not ill, it is worse than that," answered the Count brokenly. "Father! I don't know how to tell you! It breaks my heart to have to give you this pain!"

"What can it be Henri? Surely you cannot have done anything to bring trouble upon us!"

"Oh no, thank God, it is not that, but. . . ." then clasping his father's hands in his, he told him in a voice trembling with emotion of his

vision in the chapel and of the call which still kept ringing in his ears. At first the Marquis was perfectly crushed by the blow.

"It cannot be!" he exclaimed, "God could not ask so great a sacrifice of us. It is not only our personal sorrow but the loss to all around us. Who knows if the next owners will look after our poor and stand up for our faith in the Chamber as you would have done?"

"If this is God's will, He will provide, and we cannot refuse to obey his call, can we? But, father, I feel as if it were tearing my heart out of my body to leave you, and this dear home, and all my dreams of happiness!" And poor Henri buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

"Have courage, my boy," said his father overcoming his emotion to comfort his loved son. "No d'Hauteville has ever shirked a duty however painful, but this may be all a delusion. We will first consult our Bishop and our pastor, and the superior of the Jesuits. Then, with God's help, we will abide by their decision."

For eight days they waited in anguish for the final verdict and then with sorrow too deep for words they parted and Henri went away quietly, without telling anyone of his decision, and entered a remote monastery of barefooted Capuchin monks where as Father Marie François he soon distinguished himself by his fervor, his zeal for souls, his mortification and almost ceaseless prayer, and more than all, by his deep humility. He loved to go begging from house to house for the needs of the monastery and when he was rebuffed and insulted he thanked God for having given him such a good day. Year by year he grew in sanctity and as a missionary among the people he worked wonders, bringing back hardened sinners to God, making lukewarm Catholics zealous, and spreading his fervent love of God and souls all around him. He became famous as a preacher, not that he was particularly eloquent, but because the burning ardor of his exhortations carried his hearers away in spite of themselves. His reputation for sanctity spread far and near, and people came from all parts to beg for his prayers while his boundless faith in God's mercy obtained miraculous results. Peasants related how, having been in despair at the loss of their parched crops, they had appealed to Father Marie François, who had come and knelt in prayer beside the fields, which he afterwards blessed and in the night the rain came and the crops revived and turned out splendidly.

In one case, the son of some very devout nobles had been thrown from his horse in the course of an exciting race which he was just about to win in one of the pine forests of western France. Galloping wildly as he neared the winning post, the horse had stepped into a rab-

bit burrow in the loose sand and had fallen forward pitching his rider against the trunk of a tree. The young fellow was picked up unconscious, a sharp stick having penetrated his forehead over the right eye while his knee cap was completely smashed and he had several minor injuries. For days he had to lie in a charcoal burner's miserable hut, hovering between life and death and unable to be moved. The doctors gave little hopes of saving his life and declared that, even if they could do so, he would remain a cripple for life. His parents were in despair, but Father Marie François, who was giving a mission in the neighboring town, found time to come daily to pray by the boy and anoint him with Lourdes water and he kept repeating:

"Don't grieve, don't be anxious, but trustful. We will keep on using the Lourdes water and your son will be saved. He will not even be lame, I can promise you."

It seemed impossible. The atheist doctors laughed him to scorn, but still the saintly old Father prayed and prayed, and after many days the patient was able to be carried home on a stretcher. A little later he regained consciousness, was soon after declared out of danger, and a year later he was dancing and riding as gaily as ever and had not the vestige of a limp. "All owing to the Lourdes water," said good Father Marie François, but everyone felt that his prayers had helped wonderfully also.

So the years had passed, filled with zeal and good works, and Father had become an old, old man. It had needed his iron constitution to resist the constant strain of hard work, mortifications, and fasts he imposed on himself, but now at last he was aging rapidly though he never relaxed any of his duties and still tramped about the country in search of souls. Then came the infamous expulsion of the religious orders in France and, being so prominent, Father Marie François was especially persecuted, hunted from place to place, arrested for begging, and another time prosecuted for living with another old monk who was so old and infirm that he could not bear to leave him. This was said to be "living in community"! Many zealous Catholics offered him help and even a luxurious home if he would accept it, but he would take nothing for himself, begging his friends and admirers to give the help to some other monk of his order. So now, homeless and nearly starving, he still tramped about doing good to souls, dressed in a secular priest's old worn-out soutane and bearing his own privations without a murmur, though he protested boldly against the injustice done to the Church and to his order.

One day he heard that Michel, an old man

of his village who had been a playmate of his when a child, was dangerously ill and refused to see the priest. The man had been a drunkard and atheist, and his old comrade determined to try to save him. So, though it was fearfully cold weather, he bravely tramped for miles and miles for over a week, stopping when he could at some village rectory for the night and, after having said Mass, starting again through frost and snow the next morning.

At last, towards evening of a bitterly cold day, he reached Hauteville. From afar he saw the beautiful towers of the castle, now owned by strangers, and remembered that glorious summer day when he had been so heartily welcomed as its future lord! Well, he was glad to have spent his life in toil and poverty for his dear Lord's sake, and he felt sure that his beloved father was awaiting him in Heaven. The previous night he had been unable to reach a village and had to sleep in a deserted shepherd's hut, so he had not eaten for the last twenty-four hours and was so weary and footsore that he could barely crawl along, but when he rang at the rectory he got no response, for the priest had gone on a sick call and his old housekeeper was spending the evening with a neighbor. With a painful effort he crept to one of the nearest houses, but when he knocked, begging for hospitality, the door was slammed in his face with a coarse oath which hurt him far more than did the cruelty to himself. He would go to the Church he thought, to make an act of loving reparation while waiting for the return of the pastor. He was faint from hunger and fatigue and shivering with cold, his feet were sore and bleeding and his limbs growing so stiff he could hardly drag himself along, but oh! how his heart beat with joy when he found himself before the tabernacle once more, at that very altar rail where he had made his first Holy Communion and had many times afterwards knelt with his dear father to receive the bread of life! His heart burned within him as he remembered the joy of that First Communion and, as he prayed with passionate entreaty for the salvation of the sick man and the pardon of the blasphemer, his soul was so flooded with spiritual joy that he did not notice steps coming up to the church door and it was only when he heard it bang to and the key turn in the rusty lock that he realized he was being shut in. He tried to call, but his voice died in his parched throat, he attempted to hobble to the door, but long before he got there the sacristan was far away.

Well, it would not be the first time he had spent the night with his dear Lord and he could offer up his cold and hunger and fatigue for those two lost sheep, so he crawled back to the

communion table, opened the gate, and knelt on the steps of the sanctuary, as near as he could to his dear Lord whom he called into his soul by a fervent spiritual communion. Then, as he poured out his love and sorrow for sin, and longing for the salvation of souls, of a sudden he saw once more the Divine effulgence beam forth from the tabernacle and in an ecstasy of love and spiritual joy he stretched out his trembling hands towards the vision with a cry of "Oh! my Jesus! my beloved Master! my all!" then fell prostrate in fervent adoration.

The next morning as soon as it was day the parish priest was called to give the last sacraments to Michel, now sincerely repentant and anxious to make his peace with God. When the priest hurried into the Church to get the

Sacred Host, he stood petrified to see a human form lying full length on the altar steps. It was a white haired priest, his soaked and tattered soutane frozen to him, his poor thin shoes, worn full of holes and stained with clotted blood, and an old oaken stick lying beside him. Recovering himself after a minute, the priest hurried forward, knelt by the prostrate figure and tenderly and reverently raised the emaciated form, seeking for some sign of life. But the body was cold and stiff, and on the beautiful face, white as marble and still in death was a look of radiant happiness.

Once more Henri, Marquis d'Hauteville had been welcomed home, oh! with *such* a welcome and to *such* a home! The saintly Father Marie François had gone to his eternal reward!

On the Brink of the Precipice

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

"WELL, Adelaide, Lucian will be home tomorrow. He's coming for a few days' rest. You know he won that important Green lawsuit and he has been working very steadily. His visits are getting rarer now." Mrs. Mountford sighed realizing her own loneliness with her only child away in the city. "Of course I would not want Lucian to neglect his law practice but it's hard to have him away from me all the time."

Adelaide Fremont bent over her sewing, a pretty summer dress for her younger sister, Gertrude, and hoped Mrs. Mountford had not noted the flush on her cheeks nor could tell how the girl's heart was stirred at the thought of Lucian's home-coming. They were sitting together in the pretty living room of Mrs. Mountford's attractive home. Left a widow with a handsome fortune, Mrs. Mountford did not oppose her son's leaving his small home town and going to the city where his opportunities for the practice of his profession would be so much greater.

"It's two years since Lucian left," she told the young girl who seemed to be absorbed in her needlework and yet was listening with a beating heart to all the mother was saying. "I have been very lonely of course, Adelaide, but Lucian is doing so well."

Mrs. Mountford paused, wondering if the quiet girl before her had been missing Lucian. She remembered how strong a friendship had existed between Adelaide and her son since their early childhood.

"Well, Mrs. Mountford, I must be going. Mother will need me to help with the supper.

I am going to persuade father and mother to go off on a vacation. They both need it. I can take care of the house and the children while they are away. You know Willie and Gertrude are both going off to college this fall and so there will be only little Philip and myself at home."

Mrs. Mountford smiled at the pretty girl. "I only wish I had a daughter, Adelaide. I lost my only one just before my husband died. Of course I cannot expect the same companionship from a son no matter how good they are. Your mother is certainly lucky to have two daughters and I have none."

Mrs. Mountford sat wondering after Adelaide left if Lucian married whether his wife would be really a daughter or whether like most of the young wives would draw an impassable line between themselves and their husbands' mothers, not realizing the strong heartache to the elder women.

"If Lucian would only marry Adelaide," the lonely mother was thinking, "Such a fine girl with all the good old genuine Catholic ideals."

But this was a matter for prayer and not for an active interference. "I am afraid there is something or someone that has some sort of influence over Lucian. He has changed so much. The last time he was here he had to be urged to go to Mass and only met Father Masterson when I asked him to tea. He used to go off first thing to see Father Masterson and then to call on Adelaide. He hardly noticed her the last time and I am sure she felt his indifference. And they were such good friends before he went away. Ade-

laide is such a splendid girl." The mother sighed and resolved to redouble her prayers for this only, idolized son that he might have the truest and the highest success in life.

"No one knows, Lucian dear, the terrible trial of being unhappily married. No congeniality, no chance for the better things, only poverty, uncongenial work and dreariness."

"But, Mrs. Sessums, Willard is making a good salary."

The pretty, vivacious blonde laughed. "Why Lucian! I suppose I should say, 'Mr. Mountford.' I thought I was 'Beatrice' to you not Mrs. Sessums. I like to think I am your own dear friend and not merely the poor, patient wife of plodding Willard Sessums."

Lucian winced. He really liked Mrs. Sessums and had found her gay, lively companionship a bright spot in his first lonely days in the strange city. Her husband's business took him away from home very often and she liked to have Lucian visit her. For some reason he could not explain to himself, he had never spoken of this friendship to either his mother or to Adelaide Fremont. Mrs. Sessums spoke often with great self-pity of her poverty, her narrow life, her uncongenial marriage, but this did not always make the appeal to Lucian that she intended. Even now he was thinking as she looked so wistfully at him, "Why they can't be so poor. This pretty house is full of nice things. She's always dressed stylishly and she certainly is pretty. I know Willard works hard. They have no children and she gets everything that her husband makes." But Mrs. Sessums' plaintive tones interrupted his meditations.

"Of course, Lucian, you cannot understand what life with a poor man means to a woman of ambition and refinement. Your mother is wealthy and has only you."

"But, Mrs. Sessums," protested Lucian, "no amount of money would have compensated my mother for the loss of my father. I was only four years old when he died and my little sister died just afterwards. I can remember how my mother grieved and I know she would rather have had him spared even in poverty and with a large family."

Lucian's words sounded to Mrs. Sessums so like a sermon that she was bored and she decided that a stylish, up-to-date wife would soon rid this rising young man of his archaic ideas about family life.

Generally we drift rather gradually into dangerous currents and reach the maelstrom of destruction to better principles before we realize our peril. Little by little Mrs. Sessums had won a strong sympathy from Lucian for her unfortunate marriage.

"I really can't see," he would reason to himself when away from her alluring presence, her beauty, her wistful appeals, "what she has to complain about. Willard Sessums is her most devoted slave. He is working himself to death to keep her in luxury. I don't think poor old plodding Willard ever thinks of anything but his wife. She would leave him in a minute if she had a chance to marry a rich man and that would just about kill the poor old chap. I think I'll stop going there for awhile. Somehow I just don't like the way Beatrice keeps on reminding me of how well off I am, the only child of a rich widow."

Lucian's resolution was a good one and would have been perfect, only it lacked fulfilment. Meeting Mrs. Sessums one afternoon a few days later, he found himself accepting an invitation to a dinner that evening at her home.

"Just a little tete-a-tete affair you know, Lucian. Willard is away and I am so lonely. I hate restaurants and hotel dinners. I just like to have my friends in my own home," and looking into her pleading blue eyes, Lucian promised to come. His own conscience kept telling him he should not go. "Well this one time won't hurt," he excused himself to himself. "We'll have a quiet little dinner together. She's so pretty and so bright. Such good company. But I must stop going there so often. Now if Beatrice wasn't married I could think of her but —. Of course the law would let her get rid of Willard and there's plenty of rich men would be glad to marry her if she got a divorce. She is certainly pretty and stylish. I know she is thinking and planning in order to get a divorce from Willard. Wanted me to take her case but I refused. Willard has always been my friend and I couldn't hurt him like that for it will be an awful blow to the poor chap. His whole heart is bound up in his wife. There's plenty of lawyers to take her case and she is almost sure of getting her divorce. She's not a Catholic and of course she has never thought of marriage as we have to think of it. Now Adelaide would think it an awful thing to get a divorce. Adelaide—" Lucian thought hard for a moment. "I wonder what mother and Adelaide would think of my being so friendly with a married woman who was planning to get a divorce? I know Father Masterson would not like it at all, so when I go home, I won't say a word to any of them about Mrs. Sessums."

The little tete-a-tete dinner that Lucian had considered so harmless proved to have more serious consequences than he had anticipated. Beatrice looked unusually pretty and was more than usually pathetic and pleading. Poor plodding Willard Sessums faded into the background as Lucian agreed with his alluring lit-

the hostess that something should be done to rescue her from the injustice of her life of uncongenial poverty. Hers was to be her deliverance. He was to be her knight. She looked to him for every help. Her lawyer told her there would be no trouble at all about securing her divorce. Then she would be free.

"O! Lucian," exclaimed Beatrice as they sat in tender confidence after the dinner. "Just think! free! free from all this grinding poverty! O! Lucian, you have no idea how hard it is to be poor. You know how I would love the higher things of life and you know I am entitled to have them."

And looking at her so pretty and so sparkling Lucian weakly resolved that he would be the one to give her these desirable things. All of his early training, his fine principles, his clean, honest manliness seemed to be swept away in those moments of yielding weakness. The evening passed swiftly and Lucian left practically the promised husband of Beatrice to marry her as soon as she was legally free.

"How can I ever tell my mother that I am going to marry a divorced woman? And how shocked Adelaide will be! Dear good little Adelaide. I only wish I did not have to tell them and I'll put it off as long as I can. Beatrice is certainly pretty and attractive and yet Adelaide is so gentle and so sweet. I wonder if she has ever thought of me except as her boy chum. But I cannot go back on Beatrice after last night. I wonder if it would be possible to get a priest to marry us. It will distress mother so much if I marry out of the Church. When Beatrice gets her divorce our marriage will be entirely legal. I wish it was somebody else besides old Willard Sessums that I was going to hurt so much. I feel like a scoundrel taking Beatrice away from him and it will just kill the poor old chap. Beatrice and I have not arranged for our actual marriage yet, but after last night and all my promises of affection I cannot do anything but offer her marriage. Well, anyhow I'll run down home for a few days while the divorce is being settled and I won't say a word to any of them about Beatrice. It will be time enough when she gets her divorce."

Lucian plunged into his law work but his conscience not yet wholly dead kept bringing before him the faces of three people who shut out the alluring smiles of Beatrice, the sorrowful accusing face of Willard Sessums, the shocked face of Adelaide Fremont and the distressed face of his mother.

"I do not know what ails Lucian, Father Masterson," said Mrs. Mountford, meeting the priest the day after her son came home. "He is so restless and hardly has a word for me or

for any of his friends. If he wasn't the good boy that he is I would think he had something on his mind or on his conscience. City life is so wearing and there are so many pitfalls."

"And yet, Mrs. Mountford," said Father Masterson not willing to express his own fears about Lucian, "if a Catholic young man holds fast to his principles and is true to his good home training the city cannot harm him."

"You are coming to tea tomorrow night are you not, Father Masterson?"

"Well, but Mrs. Mountford—" Father Masterson was conscious of Lucian's indifference and trying to find an excuse so as not to be almost an unwelcome guest.

"O! but you must come. Lucian cannot stay but a few days. I have asked Adelaide Fremont and a few young friends to come to tea and you surely must not disappoint me."

Father Masterson accepted the invitation thinking regretfully that Lucian, the boy he had loved since his childhood, would have no real welcome for him. There was something wrong with Lucian but what it was no one yet knew as gossip from the city had not yet reached the young man's quiet home. He had never mentioned Beatrice's name himself, for he knew how his mother would advise him against close friendship with a married woman dissatisfied with her marriage, a careless, stylish, pretty woman, thinking only of the pleasures and luxuries of life.

Perhaps it was the thought that he himself had put Adelaide outside of his future that made the young girl seem so attractive and so desirable to Lucian that evening as they were all gathered around the supper table. Father Masterson noticed gladly how often Lucian's eyes followed Adelaide and he said to himself: "That's just what he needs, a good Catholic wife. Something is drawing the boy away from us but a good Catholic girl will keep him true to the best."

Mrs. Mountford too was happy in what seemed Lucian's new attraction towards Adelaide. Perhaps her prayers were to be answered.

"So you shipped your father and mother off for a vacation and you are now running the house," said Father Masterson, thinking like Mrs. Mountford of the Fremonts' good luck in having this devoted daughter.

Lucian looked up. "Are your father and mother away, Adelaide?"

"Yes, indeed, Lucian. I had a dreadful time getting them to go. Father has been working so hard and the housekeeping has kept mother so busy. They both needed a rest."

"Of course they did," said Lucian and some-

how the thought of poor plodding Willard Sessums who never had a chance to rest came to his mind and he thought that if Adelaide married, her husband would never be worked to death.

If Adelaide married! What a splendid wife she would make! Even now she was laughing over the additional work the absence of her mother gave. Not a single appeal for pity and yet Lucian knew her life was full of care for others, was "narrower" than that of Beatrice ever had been. Beatrice would never accept a life of so much sacrifice. Had he made a fatal mistake? He looked at Adelaide, so brave and even happy in bearing her burden of quiet duties with no thought of self-pity. Even if poverty should ever overtake her future husband she would be true and loyal but if ever Lucian lost his fortune, or a greater one was in sight, he knew Beatrice would consider first her own worldly advantage.

Lucian's mind was in a whirl. Here in his home, all the fine principles he had been taught, loyalty and truth and to do no one any injustice, seemed to come over him. He thought of the injury he was planning against Willard Sessums. He knew that the sting of this wrong to his friend would stay with him all his life. Why had he been drawn into such a wrong and foolish plan? He looked around at these happy young people of his own boyhood and wondered if any of them had ever to face such a problem as his own. "But I brought it upon myself," he was thinking regretfully. "I should never have let things go so far. I knew Beatrice was only tired of Willard because he was poor and was on the lookout for a rich husband."

Now it seemed as if he really did not want to marry Beatrice and yet how could he withdraw?

As they were passing through the hall on their way to the porch, Lucian felt a strong desire to ask Adelaide to join him in a stroll through the summer gloaming. But what right had he now to seek the society of this girl who seemed so desirable? He was bound in honor he told himself to marry Beatrice. She would soon have her divorce and be legally free. Suddenly the thought of the marriage became so repugnant that he tried to put it out of his mind. He felt a sudden disgust for the future under these conditions. As he was trying to decide whether he could follow his wish and ask Adelaide to walk with him through the garden he caught sight of the afternoon paper from the city lying upon the table. Large headlines stared out at him and he was stunned with horror as he read: "Willard Sessums Commits Suicide. Husband of pretty blonde who

was seeking a divorce blows out his brains as the divorce papers are served upon him. Rumor says Mrs. Sessums was planning to marry a wealthy young attorney."

Shaken and almost ill with horror and with a sharp accusing conscience that held him almost guilty of murder, Lucian crushed the sheet into his pocket and was turning to go upstairs to his room when his mother came into the hall. "Here is a telegram for you, Lucian. The boy has just left it. Why Lucian, what is the matter? Are you ill? You have been working too hard."

"I do not feel very well, mother." Lucian laid his hand upon his throbbing temples. "Ask our friends to excuse me and I will go to my room." He tore open the telegram, read and said hastily: "Has the boy gone? Tell him there's an answer," and in reply to Beatrice's message, "Come to me at once. Willard is dead and I am free," Lucian wrote: "I cannot come. I am ill," which was really no falsehood, for with his heart sick with disgust, his horror at what seemed his own guilt in poor Willard's desperate act, his throbbing head, his dread of the shameful publicity that might be his bitter punishment for his folly, his desire to shield his mother from a knowledge of his part in this dreadful affair, Lucian was indeed ill both in mind and in body.

Slowly he walked up stairs went to his room and paced up and down that attractive place. He tried to quiet the tumult in his soul. Was he not guilty? He had known Willard's strong affection for his wife, selfish and heartless though she was, and what a cruel blow her desertion would be. To have helped a man to self-destruction! It was a terrible thought! All his life that accusation would haunt him. Never, never, again would look into the tempting face of Beatrice Sessums with this dreadful thing between them. The dead face of Willard Sessums would rise before him every time he saw Beatrice.

As the evening wore on he grew a little calmer. He sat down by the window going over and over his own responsibility. "I can only hope that mother never hears of my wretched plan. If Adelaide will ever forgive me, for I mean to tell her everything, for thinking of marrying a divorced woman, I will try to win her. I will let her know how utterly unworthy I am. Maybe she will forgive me. Maybe"—and the vision of Adelaide, sweet, gentle and pure, seemed to soothe Lucian's sorely guilty heart. He heard her voice as she bade his mother good night. He longed to rush down stairs and ask her to come into the garden and he would tell her the whole wretched story. But

no! He must bear his punishment alone! He had brought these torturing memories upon himself.

Lucian heard the guests departing. A quiet knock came on his door. "It's mother and I can never tell her this shameful thing." "Come in," he said and sprang up as Father Masterson entered.

"Your mother said you were feeling ill, Lucian, and I came to see if I could do anything for you."

Father Masterson did not say how keenly he had felt Lucian's indifference. The boy was evidently in trouble. He had never seen that haunted look in his clear eyes before.

Father Masterson sat down and Lucian thinking in his sore heart that here was someone accustomed to dealing gently and helpfully with the wayward impulses of the human heart resolved to tell his pitiful story.

"Perhaps it is just a rest you need, my boy, and—why, Lucian, my boy, what is it?" for the young man had dropped into his chair beside Father Masterson and with face covered was sobbing out the whole wretched story.

"Why yes, Lucian, I think you are right to keep this from your mother. I think you are safe now and there's no call to worry her. Been playing with fire, poor lad, just like you played with matches when you were a baby and did not know the harm. Of course it's too bad about poor Sessums but he would in all probability have destroyed himself on account of some other man if the lady was so anxious to be rid of a poor husband and to get a rich one. You have indeed escaped a great danger. Besides the sin of disobedience to the laws of the Church can you not see how little chance of happiness there would be in such a marriage? So just be humbly thankful and do not worry too much or you will be really ill and there's the good mother to think of. You have escaped the pitfall and there's no need to worry her by telling her the danger you were in for it's all over, thank God!"

Lucian prolonged his stay far beyond the time he had set. He seemed in no hurry to go back to the city. One evening as they sat alone on the porch, Mrs. Mountford's heart gave a bound of joy as Lucian said:

"Mother, I am seriously thinking of coming back home to live and practicing law in my own little town, and, mother," and here Mrs. Mountford's heart gave another bound of joy, "I am going to marry Adelaide, if she will have me. When you go away to the cities and see other girls those that you know at home seem better than ever. You and Adelaide are such good friends. You are always saying you

would like to have a daughter so if she will have me, I am going to give you a daughter I know you will love."

Adelaide's answer must have been favorable even after she had heard all about Beatrice Sessums. "It was just a great temptation that you conquered, Lucian dear," she said.

Lucian did not lose all his city practice, for he was frequently sent for on important cases. His quiet life gave him fine opportunities for study in his profession and he became known as an able and well informed jurist. His wife and himself added greatly to the happiness of the devoted mother in her home.

A few months after their marriage, the city papers were filled with grandiloquent accounts of the stylish wedding, handsome trousseau, yachts, jewels and travels of Mrs. Beatrice Sessums who had married a portly, elderly millionaire whose rapid fortune was founded on the extortionate prices he had forced from a needy nation for the necessities of life during the World War.

Virtuous Unbelievers and Wicked Believers

How Much Truth is There in These Phrases?

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

PEOPLE are naturally prone to judge the strength and efficacy of a person's religious belief by its influence upon conduct. If a man in virtue of his faith and religious affiliation leads a good life and is faithful in performance of duty, the credit goes to his church. If he is a backslider and is known for his evil ways, the church with which he was once connected, may be censured for producing evil fruit.

On the whole this criterion is quite correct. Faith should show itself in works. It is for this reason that some critics are so eager to point to "bad believers" and to "good unbelievers." We are told "there have been so many excellent persons who belonged to no church."

On the other hand, we are frequently reminded of "the evil lives of Church-going people."

Let us look into these statements. Is it true that men, as a rule, are good and virtuous without religious helps and motives? To this we answer most emphatically "no." There have been exceptions of course. So men who do not believe in God and the hereafter, may be called a "protected environment," and if not subject to particularly strong and gross temptation, "keep afloat" and avoid more serious transgressions. But in the time of spiritual trial a man relying upon mere natural helps is apt to go down to moral defeat. The words

of Christ are always true: "Without me you can do nothing."

We grant too that precepts of Christian morality have not made all men virtuous. But this is principally because the members of the Church of Christ do not properly use the manifold helps freely offered to those who want to lead the higher life of virtue, and avoid sin and wickedness. Our cooperation with God's grace and with the sacramental helps is always required.

In fact, we may turn the tables upon those who vaunt the high moral status of unbelievers and ask: is their weak idea of duty and their sanction sufficient to lift man invariably above the weakness of human nature? If the promise of the glorious heavenly reward and the punishment of hell be unavailing, what will the empty phrases about culture, and the duty to posterity, and the progress of the race do to make man obey the moral law?

To deny that Christianity is the greatest moral force in the world is to ignore the entire history of the last 1900 years. For who lifted mankind, debased by paganism, to heights of which there is no record and knowledge in pre-Christian days?

Defenders of the efficacy of "lay" morality, which cares not for Christ and His Church, point to men like Francisco Ferrer who was executed a few years ago as a public malefactor by the Spanish Government. He is praised as a model and noble character, as an ideal "champion of humanity," and an "innocent martyr of human freedom." But as his notorious crimes and vices are matter of public knowledge, it is not uncharitable to remind his blind admirers of these heinous crimes. Ferrer's peculiar brand of morality was indeed of easy achievement without morality.

Again, atheists and unbelievers are living in the Christian Dispensation and are often unconsciously guided by the high standard of Christian moral practice. It is easy, under certain circumstances, as we have admitted, to obey part of the moral law without the aid of religious sanctions. But in general men will not resist natural inclinations to evil without the help of God's grace. In fact, our opponents admit this. They prate about "human development" and look down the centuries when men of the future will be quite different from what they are now. But this is an admission that the average man of today with loss of belief in God loses also his moral stamina. These who know life, even though this knowledge be gathered only from the daily press, are well aware of these two facts: in general, man without God does not lead a life on a high moral

plane; those who live morally without religious aids are the exceptions.

Old Homer was right when he said that "all men need God." Be not deceived by the false glitter with which some enemies of the Christian name have surrounded the lives of unbelievers. The nearer you draw to Christ, the more prepared you are to beat down sin and temptations, and to do your full duty to God and country and society.

Saint Adalard

(Continued from page 265)

ed the stores of the monastery, Heaven sometimes approved of his lavish gifts by miracles. He was also a writer of more than ordinary ability and was an elegant and zealous promoter of literature in the houses under his care. On account of his spirit of prayer and for his learning he has been referred to as the Austin, the Antony, and the Jeremias of his age.

Three days before Christmas in the year 826 he was taken sick, and expired on the day after the feast of the Circumcision, January 2, 827, aged seventy-three. St. Gerard composed an office in his honor.

As those who desire wealth and power in the world use all the means at their command to overcome every obstacle that stands between them and their goal, so those who earnestly desire sanctity count all that the world offers as nothing that they may gain Christ.

This is a Bread and a Fountain, whereof the more a man eats the more he hungers, and the more he drinks the more he thirsts.—St. Paulinus of Nola.

Memorare

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

Thou art gone far from me, Mary darling,
And the light shines yet upon the hill,
Where the glory of thy wings, O my starling,
Shone strangely o'er the dawning, white and still.
Thou hast reached heaven's gate, Mary darling,
Through the twilight, the night and the dawn,
Will you listen from that higher home, my starling,
To the pleadings which the mystic winds sweep on?

Thou hast gone far from me, Mary darling,
While the light grows dimmer on the hill,
'And the strangeness of the night, O my starling,
Creeps dumb, to the daybreak, white and still.
Thou hast passed to the angels' dawn, my darling.
I am left where the wild birds sing no more,
Where the glory of the day, O my starling,
Has changed to a wintry desert shore.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—A radical new shoe promises relief from common foot trouble. It retains the outward appearance of the ordinary flat-soled shoe, but adds an inner sole of light filling which is molded to fit the contours of the foot.

—A new machine will cut and fold 400,000 cardboard boxes an hour.

—Deaths from snake bites in the United States are comparatively rare. The average mortality of persons bitten is a little over ten per cent.

—X-rays are showing great progress both in theory and practice. Measurements made in twelve different gases by the Bureau of Standards reveal that X-rays have wave lengths never known before. A leading research laboratory of this country has developed a super-tube whose rays will pierce layers of lead and brick walls.

—We are familiar with the finger prints used to identify human beings. The same principle is now used to identify brood cattle, but there being no fingers, the nose is used instead. No two markings from noses have been found alike.

—Cord tires absorb about one third less power than fabric tires, according to recent tests made by the Bureau of Standards. In other words, a car equipped with cord tires should obtain much more mileage per gallon of gasoline.

—A Swedish locomotive of radical design is now attracting international attention. It employs a turbine engine, mounts the coal on top of the boiler, has the tender to push the locomotive,—but what appeals most to the engineer and the pocket book, is that it gets twice the power from the same amount of coal. The great disadvantage, however, is the high cost of construction and maintenance.

—A new 'sugar cane lumber' promises to rival the ordinary wood lumber. This new 'woodless' lumber is made from the refuse of the sugar cane, called 'bagasse,' the fibre after the juice has been expressed. Bagasse lumber is said to be fire resistant, will take paint, plaster, calcimine, or stucco, without treatment. Its lightness and insulating properties make it of special value for shipping cases.

—That rickets, a common disease of children, is caused by lack of sunlight rather than by lack of vitamins, is after repeated tests the conclusion reached by one large school of medicine. Ultra violet rays of the sun, passing through the skin, are believed to act upon the blood for the cure of the disease.

—A striking indication of travel swinging from the railroads to the highways is seen in the establishment of 'Road Homes' along the Pacific Coast. Modern 'bungalow hotels' will form a chain of night stopping places for automobile tourists along a paved road from Vancouver to San Diego. The building has the form of a large hollow square on a four-acre lot. In the

central courtyard will be located the garage, a camp fire space, radio receiving station, washing racks for cars, a repair shop, and the headquarters of an auto expert.

—Water "lifting itself by its boot straps," may solve serious problems in irrigation. The marvelous 'water staircase,' perfected recently in England, seems close to a sort of perpetual motion. The principle is similar to that of the hydraulic ram. The 'water staircase' consists of an alternate series of open and closed tanks, one above the other, the action being to use the energy of a quantity of water at a lower level to raise a smaller quantity of water to a higher level.

—'Where is the bottle opener?'—may become a remark of the past, also for the less than one-half of one per cent. A new cap of aluminum for beverage bottles, strong enough to resist a gas pressure up to one hundred pounds, can be removed easily with the fingers.

—A talking thread for business correspondence? A Swiss inventor claims to have perfected such a process. Speech into a dictating machine causes a disk to vibrate. The disk has a fine cutting sapphire stylus which impresses the vibrations on a flattened cellulose thread. The reproducing process reverses the operation. Such a cellulose record can be slipped into an ordinary envelope for transportation through the mails.

—Asparagus, bamboo, bananas, beet root, bran, coconut husks, cotton seed, ferns, grapevines, hollyhocks, raw cotton, wool,—what an assemblage of odd materials! All tried and found wanting in the search for some material to make newsprint paper. Still 100 acres a day of fine forest must be stripped to supply the pulp wood for the papers which bring the daily news. The replacement of trees takes about twenty-five years, and does not equal the demand. Can science win the race against forest destruction by finding a new source of newsprint paper? Two promising hopes are held out. One would use Mexican hemp, with a fibre that resembles wood. Another seeks to de-ink the paper. A new process that promises success in this line reduces the old papers to pulp, and treats the mass with volcanic ash that carries away the carbon ink particles.

—It is now possible to make hay without sunshine. An enterprising farmer stacks his green hay, leaving an opening in the center of the stack. When the temperature rises, he forces a strong current of air from a mechanical blower through the stack. The ventilation prevents spoilage, and secures hay of excellent quality.

—The most important receiving station for wireless messages in the United States is located near New York City. The principles of reception are different from the usual. Only one aerial, but nine miles long, consisting of two wires strung on 30-foot poles, is

used. From this one aerial a number of receiving instruments may be tuned to different wave lengths, so that the station receives simultaneously on the same aerial from France, Wales, Norway, and Germany. The interference from undesirable stations and especially from static is reduced to a minimum by having the aerial arranged as a 'wave antenna.' The wave antenna represents another milestone in radio progress. To explain its principle we imagine the ether as a disturbed ocean with waves of every length rolling in all directions. By tuning, we eliminate waves of different lengths, but we still receive all waves of the same length. The new system makes itself sensitive to waves from one direction only. The system may be made clear by an analogy. Let the antenna be considered a long narrow lake, the signals to be waves caused by the wind. To have waves of any strength, the wind must blow lengthwise the lake. If the shore be rocky, the waves will be reflected and a choppy surface will result. If, however, the shore be a sandy beach, the waves will be in one direction. Thus other waves are eliminated. The new aerial supplies not only the long lake, but also special instruments as a sort of sandy shore to absorb all the wave energy coming from only the one direction.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Fifty-four grandchildren, ranging in age from three months to nineteen years, is the proud boast of Mrs. Katherine Schuit, of Chicago, who is 67 years young.

—The condition of the Church in Portugal is not promising. The Patriarch of Lisbon, Antonio Cardinal Mendes Bello, in a recent letter to *The Lamp*, says that now after twelve years of struggle, persecutions, and bigotry, their difficulties increase day by day. At present Portugal has not sufficient secular priests, for some are imprisoned and others have sought refuge in foreign lands; nor are there any religious orders in the country—all have been banished. "The atrocities continue almost the same as heretofore, and in most instances we are helpless and at the mercy of the government. The Church has been robbed of everything: hospitals, asylums, schools, nurseries, and other charitable institutions all have been diverted to other uses."

—Rev. Michael J. Murphy, for the past eleven years chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, has been elected president of the Prison Chaplains' Association of the United States. Father Murphy is the first Catholic priest to hold the position.

—Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J., a well known missionary who died in his eightieth year at Kansas City, Kan., was buried at St. Mary's, Kansas, on Nov. 11. Father Rosswinkel gave 77 retreats to secular priests in 37 dioceses, 148 retreats to colleges and academies, 135 retreats to sisters, and more than 500 missions to the faithful.

—Fifteen languages are spoken in the diocese of Cleveland, which some weeks ago celebrated the diamond jubilee of its erection. It is said that the Holy Sac-

rifice of the Mass is offered up in that diocese in almost every rite permitted by Rome.

—Archbishop Curley has ordered that henceforth all converts to the Faith in the Archdiocese of Baltimore be confirmed at the Cathedral on Pentecost Sunday, while those in Washington are to receive this sacrament in one of the principal churches of that city on Pentecost Monday.

—A million dollar chapel, now nearing completion, has been given to St. Charles College, Catonsville, Md., by Miss Elizabeth Jenkins in memory of her parents and her brother, Robert, who are buried there.

—A seminary is to be opened in Germany to train priests to look after German emigrants in foreign lands. Rt. Rev. F. S. Geyer, former Vicar Apostolic of Khar-toum, Soudan, now at Bonn, after forty years of service in Africa, has obtained the sanction of the Holy See as also that of the German hierarchy for the project. It is estimated that over 10,000,000 Catholic emigrants from various parts of Europe have lost the faith.

—Catholics haven't the sole right to the favors of St. Anne, for we read that through her intercession a Pennsylvania Episcopalian minister, who sought her aid at the famous shrine at Beupre in Canada, near Montreal, was cured of rheumatism with which he had been badly crippled for several years.

—Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, Arizona, since June 1900, died in his native land, France, whither he had gone in April, 1922.

—His Excellency Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States during the past ten years, was recalled to Rome in November to be elevated to the cardinalate.

—Three Catholic high schools are to be built in Brooklyn.

—The seventh annual convention of the Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia was held at Macon in mid-November. Rt. Rev. Michael J. Keyes, the newly consecrated Bishop of Savannah, who was present, said that he hoped the spirit of friendliness would not be confined to Catholics alone but that it would exist between Catholics and non-Catholics as well. This Layman's Association, which has done wonders in its fight against ignorance and bigotry, should serve as a model to the rest of the states.

—Frau Anton Lang, wife of the Oberammergau Christus, in a letter to Rev. Father Drevniak, of St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, says that, although in excess of 315,000 people attended the Passion Play, barely enough was made to cover the greatest expenses, owing to the low price charged for admission, and yet the theater has 5,300 seats. But the Passion Play was a grand mission—a spectacle that set the whole world a-thinking. The last performance of the play, on Sept. 25, in which even all available standing room was taken, is said to have been very pathetic. Both players and audience were greatly affected. As soon as the performance was over, however, a number of the play-

ers rushed to the barber to have their natural locks shorn—for neither wigs are worn nor false hair—that they might not, Judas like, succumb to the tempting million dollar offer that was made to have their renowned play filmed for reproduction in America. While we are positive that the Oberammergau Passion Play would accomplish untold good, if shown throughout the length and breadth of our land, by bringing many stray sheep back to the Church and making converts of others, we respect the rights of these deeply religious people who perform the sacred drama.

—Nearly 5,000 Sisters of Notre Dame, who are divided in the United States into four provinces, with foundations in Canada and Porto Rico, celebrated on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, the seventy-fifth anniversary of their foundation in America. Moreover, the St. Louis province celebrated at the same time the silver jubilee of their establishment at Sancta Maria in Ripa, St. Mary's on the banks of the Mississippi, the mother-house at St. Louis. Since the opening of this house 772 postulants, of whom 204 were natives of the vicinity, entered at St. Louis.

—If we may judge from reports, community chest campaigns appear to be popular at this time in many cities. We hope that in that chest there beats a warm heart for all charities without discrimination.

—As was noted before in these columns a number of states have introduced bible reading in their schools. Oregon is endeavoring to introduce the "Protestant" bible. In some states difficulties have arisen. A California court, for instance, has decided that the King James version is sectarian.

—At the late elections enough of bigotry prevailed in Oregon to vote out all private and denominational schools. A like condition is fermenting in several other states. The powers of darkness are hard at work. After three or four years, if this unconstitutional measure still obtains in Oregon, all children between the ages of eight and sixteen will be required to attend the state schools. But Catholics, who are a small per cent of the population, as well as other denominations that have private schools, will not yield without a struggle for the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution. The Catholic Truth Society of Oregon, with the sanction of Archbishop Christie, has already begun activities. This society will endeavor to enlighten the people generally by spreading literature systematically to offset scurrilous and immoral pamphlets and other publications of a similar nature and by press publicity in imparting correct information, correcting false statements, and combating all anti-Catholic propaganda. What Oregon needs, among other things, as well as the rest of the states, is an efficient layman's association such as exists in Georgia.

—Rt. Rev. Paul Joseph Nussbaum, C. P., consecrated in 1913 Bishop of Corpus Christi, from which he resigned in 1920, has been assigned to Marquette to succeed Rt. Rev. Frederick Eis, resigned.

—The North American College at Rome with its 179

seminarians (students of philosophy and theology) has a larger attendance than any other national college in the Eternal City.

—Sister Euphrasia Baker, mistress of novices at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, near Terre Haute, who went to Europe some months ago to bring back three sisters who had been pursuing courses abroad, was accidentally killed in the streets of London on All Saints Day. Ignorant of the English regulation, that traffic passes to the left, is said to have caused the confusion in which she was run down by an automobile. Sister Euphrasia was a native of the episcopal city of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—A wooden box, containing a well preserved chalice and paten and a set of vestments, was unearthed recently in Cong, County Galway, Ireland. It is thought that the box was buried about three hundred years ago, possibly to preserve from profanation or to avoid detection in the time of persecution.

—The Sisters of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, have taken over the old United States base hospital at Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico. This hospital will be fitted up as a tubercular sanitarium for sisters, priests, and for the public in general without respect to creed.

—Dr. O'Neill, C. S. C., whose interesting paper "About Memory" appears in this issue, is peculiarly qualified to write upon that subject. He celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination in 1907 by committing to memory the Office of the Dead; he signalized the Emerald Jubilee (40th anniversary) of his priesthood, in October last, by memorizing the names and feast-dates of all the Saints of the Roman breviary, an aggregate of some nine hundred and eighty-odd names and dates. Dr. O'Neill has been on the editorial staff of the *Ave Maria* for thirty-two years, just half his life; and he is the author of a very popular series of books for the clergy, books that have made his name a household word in rectories and monasteries in all English-speaking countries.

—The tragic death of Nicholas E. Gonner, K. S. G., on Dec. 2, called forth expressions of sympathy from members of the hierarchy and from many other prominent men. As has been chronicled in all the papers, the fatal accident, in which Mr. Gonner, his daughter Anna, and J. P. Schroeder, met sudden death, occurred on a high grade that was slippery from a recent rain. The automobile in which they were riding skidded, went down the embankment, and overturned in shallow water. Three others of the party escaped uninjured.—Nicholas Gonner was born in Missouri, but with the exception of seven years spent at a European college in Luxemburg, lived nearly all his life at Dubuque, Iowa. Upon returning to this country, he took up journalism. After two previous ventures in this field, Mr. Gonner established in 1899 *The Catholic Tribune*, a weekly, which in 1915 became a semiweekly, then in 1919 appeared triweekly, and finally, in 1920, developed into *The Daily American Tribune*, the first, and only, Catholic daily that we have in the English language. It

was Mr. Gonner's ambition to see a string of dailies from coast to coast, and we are confident that, had he lived, he would have seen the realization of his dreams, at least to some extent. According to reports he was just about to move his daily to Milwaukee, where a better field offered itself.—Mr. Gonner was prominent in all Catholic activities, an able organizer, a leader full of energy, fearless and outspoken, a worthy lay apostle who accomplished much for Church and Country. In recognition of his merits, Pius X, on Feb. 5, 1913, created him a Knight of St. Gregory.—The funeral was held from St. Mary's Church, Dubuque, on Dec. 5. The Rt. Rev. M. J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem; Most Rev. J. J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque, preached. Many priests and a large number of the laity attended the obsequies. Mr. Gonner's wife preceded him in death by three years; four sons and one daughter survive.

—William Campbell, since 1901 editor of the *South-ern Messenger*, San Antonio, Texas, died after a brief illness at the age of 72 on Nov. 25.—In his youth Mr. Campbell received a classical education at the Jesuit College in Glasgow, Scotland, his native land. Coming to America in 1869, he finally settled at San Antonio, where he arrived in 1886. A brilliant orator and able writer, he is numbered among the contributors to the Catholic Encyclopedia. He was prominent, too, in Catholic societies. The funeral was held at St. Mary's Church on Nov. 28. Four sons are left to mourn his loss.

—A very destructive fire swept over the town of Terrebonne, Quebec, on Dec. 1 and 2, destroying 175 buildings. A panic among the fleeing residents was averted only when the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament marched through the streets carrying the Blessed Sacrament before them.

BENEDICTINE

—Very Rev. Augustine Stocker, O. S. B., S. T. D., prior of New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, who died quite unexpectedly on Nov. 22, was a man of brilliant parts, a ripe scholar, master of eight languages, and a pianist of no mean ability. After completing the classics at the Benedictine College of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, not far from his home in his native land, Ambrose Stocker came to America in 1887 and entered the Benedictine novitiate at New Subiaco Abbey. At profession the name of Ambrose was exchanged for that of Augustine. In 1891 the order of priesthood was conferred upon Father Augustine. Six years later he was sent to St. Anselm's, the International Benedictine College at Rome, for a postgraduate course in philosophy and theology. Having won the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, he returned to his monastery in 1901. That same year he was named Subprior of the Abbey and in 1902 he was appointed to the responsible office of Prior, an office that he faithfully discharged up to the time of his death, which came as a result of overtaxing his strength for many years with a multitude of activities. Added to the care of a num-

erous abbey, and various other responsibilities that he imposed upon himself, Dr. Stocker held the chair of philosophy and theology at the Abbey. Nor did all this satisfy his unbounded zeal, for eleven years ago he assumed the post of editor-in-chief on *The Guardian*, the diocesan paper, which claimed no little attention. He gave to his readers in that time more than 1000 articles, "the fruits of his erudite and versatile pen," as *The Guardian* puts it.—Many secular priests attended the funeral. The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Conrad, O. S. B., Abbot of New Subiaco Abbey, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem, and Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, who officiated at the final absolution, in well chosen words expressed his appreciation of the noble character of the deceased.

—The new Apostolic Nuncio to Argentina is Mgr. Beda Cardinale, O. S. B. While Abbot at Praglia, Italy, he was entrusted with an important mission to Austria. In 1907 he was made Bishop of Civitavecchia and three years later was appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Perugia. Cherson in Crimea, is now his titular see. Lately the insignia of Grand Officer of the Italian Crown was bestowed upon him in recognition of his services in the late war.

—The fortieth anniversary of the arrival of a little band of Benedictines in Oregon from Engelberg Abbey, Switzerland, occurred on October 30. The small community of four priests and two brothers has grown to nearly eighty, of whom more than thirty are priests. St. Benedict's Abbey at Mt. Angel has a flourishing college and seminary, also a large and up-to-date printing plant with a number of publications.—The Benedictine Sisters, who have an academy and convent near by, likewise came from Switzerland forty years ago.

Benedictine Chronicle

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

—Queen Zita, wife of the late Charles IV, King of Hungary, has testified her esteem for the Benedictine Order by entrusting the education of her son Otto, heir to the crown, to a monk of Pannonhalma Abbey, Dom Artistide Kováts, O. S. B. This recalls a similar instance of centuries past. One thousand years ago another Benedictine of the same abbey, St. Gerard, was charged with the education of St. Emmerich, son of the king, St. Stephen. Queen Zita is well aware of the wisdom of her act, as she herself finished her education at the Benedictine convent of St. Cecilia at Solesmes and at the convent at Ryde, Isle of Wight, England. While at the latter place she found among the simple nuns her grandmother, the widow of Dom Miguel, King of Portugal.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: America is said to have derived its name from St. Emmerich, which in Italian is Amerigo, the Christian name of Vespucci. The Latin form is Americus for the masculine and America for the feminine. If this be true, America is the only continent named after a saint.)

—The Abbey of the Assumption of Mary at Sao
(Continued on page 285)



AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—A happy, contented, and blessed New Year to all of our friends and readers. New Year's day is a civil holiday, but January 1 is the feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord, a feast of obligation. It was on this day that Jesus shed his adorable Blood for the first time for the redemption of mankind. It was also at this time that the Son of Mary received the name of Jesus, which means Savior of the world.

January, the beginning of the year is an excellent time to make good resolutions, which should not be made thoughtlessly, but earnestly and with a determination to begin anew, and persevere in our good intentions.

January 6 is the feast of the Epiphany, which means appearance or showing forth. Jesus showed Himself to the Wise Men to whom He made known his appearance on earth through a wonderful Star. This feast of the Epiphany is also called Little Christmas.

The Wise Men came to Jesus with presents. We, also, should go to Jesus with presents, with the frankincense of faith, the myrrh of hope, and the gold of charity.

A happy New Year to all! Yes, we wish you a happy New Year, and more. We wish you a holy New Year, and a useful New Year. We wish you a year that you may look back upon with a feeling that you accomplished something for the glory of God and the good of your own soul, and that at the end of 12 months you may feel that you are further along the path of virtue than you are today. In the spiritual life we must advance or we shall go backward. We cannot stand still. Inaction means going backward. Endeavor to root out one fault at a time. St. Francis says that if we conquered only one fault in a year, we should all be saints soon.

In looking over the January calendar, we find the following Saints who are honored this month; Saints Genevieve, Titus, Telesphorous, Lucius, Severinus, Julian, Agatha, Hyginus, Arcadius, Veronica, Hilary, Paul, Marcellus, Anthony, Sebastian, Agnes, Meinrad, Vincent, Anastasius, Peter, John Chrysostom, Valerius, Francis de Sales, Martin, Peter Nolasco, Polycarp.

The name Polycarp takes the editor of the Corner back some twenty-one years to the time that she stood upon the platform delivering her graduation essay, or oration. The topic assigned by the Professor was "Polycarp," and we are safe in saying that no one in the audience knew what the oration was to be about. After all these years, we remember that we told them about the life of this saintly man and how when he was called upon to deny his Lord and Master he replied, "Eighty and six years have I served my Lord and Master. Shall I now desert Him for His enemies?"

St. Agnes is the girl martyr whose purity we all admire.

The St. Veronica whose feast is celebrated on the 13th is not the saint who is said to have wiped Our Lord's face, but a holy maiden who lived a thousand years after our Savior died. From childhood she prayed almost ceaselessly. The Blessed Virgin ap-

peared to Veronica at one time and told her that it was sufficient that she acquire three things: purity of intention, a horror of criticising others, and the habit of daily meditation. She became a nun, and was a very holy person who converted many sinners.

Poor Tree!

A
BOY
HEARD
A—CEDAR
SAY,—SINCE
XMAS—DAY,—I'M
'LONE.—I—PINE—I
FROWN—'CAUS'—THEY
HAVE—CHOPPED
MY—NEIGHBOR
D
O
W
N.

POOR TREE! A. M.

Winter Sleepers and Their Food

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter? Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it!

Epiphany

Lands and seas divide us
From the manger bed
Where the Infant Jesus
First laid His tiny Head.

Still Bethlehem is near us,
For on the Altar there
Is All that the Magi worshipped
With love and treasures rare. A. M.

New Year's Resolutions for Boys and Girls

I will be prudent, but I will not tell the truth out of place and be a bearer of tales.

I will be honest, at work, in school, at play; but I will not brag about it.

I will be friendly with everybody, but I will be very careful in the choice of my friends.

I will be studious, but I will play with as much spirit as I study my lessons.

I will be prompt, and I will try to be as prompt to do my work as to play.

I will be respectful to the aged, for my own parents I hope will live to be old people some day.

I will be kind to every living creature, even to a stray dog or kitten.

I will share all my joys, and I will never, if I can help it, subtract from the joy of any one.

I will not entertain suspicion, but will always be cautious.

I will do my best, and I will never be envious of another's advancement.

I will not quarrel, but I will stand up firmly and squarely for what I believe to be just and right.

I will not go with the "bunch" unless the "bunch" goes the right way.—*Selected.*

???

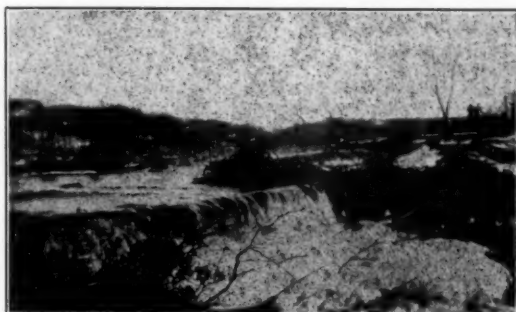
It's pure and white,
It's soft and cold,
It's nice to see
But not to hold;

It covers land
But not the sea.
Now, can't you guess
What this could be?

FRANCES SCHENK.



THE MILL IN SUMMER



THE DAM IN WINTER

The Magi

The Magi saw the Christ-Child's star
High in the eastern sky.
With twinkling light, it shone so bright,
With a message from on high.

"Let's follow where the star doth lead."
So spoke the royal band;
"To see the God made man this night
In far-off western land."

Then Melchior from his many stores
Brought forth a vase of gold.
To signify the Babe was King,
As prophets had foretold.

Balthasar's heart beat high with joy
To know a God was born.
And incense fragrant, he did bring
To the Child-god so forlorn.

And Caspar, reading from the text,
Foresaw the suffering Man.
And myrrh he brought the Child divine
As tribute of his clan.

Before the Babe these strangers knelt
In reverence deep adored;
First tribute of the gentile world
To God's incarnate Word.

They then returned to their distant homes,
The happy tidings bore.
That Christ had come into our midst
Our heavenly birthright to restore.

Lawrence J. Scheidler, in the *Messenger*.

Busy Work

What can the older brothers and sisters and the busy mothers do to entertain the little tots who are incessantly asking questions and wishing to be entertained? Before the children start to school they want something to do. The little minds are busy and the little hands wish to be busy also. Well here is a pastime that will give pleasure, too. Buy a box of macaroni and break it into pieces about half an inch long. Get the button box and select all the buttons with large eyes. Take a darning needle and thread it with a piece of bright string if you have it. Children like colors. Now you have all of the materials ready. Show the child how to string the buttons and macaroni using first a button and then a piece of macaroni until all of the material is used. The busy mother, or big brother or sister will find that the little ones may be kept

interested for some time in this way. Bright colored beads may be purchased for fifteen cents from catalog houses or from stores which keep kindergarten supplies. The colored beads and the macaroni make a nice combination, and the exercise will entertain for a long time. Another form of amusement is to make animals from small potatoes by using toothpicks for legs and fastening on a small potato for a head.

Saint Agnes

In her enchanting garden strolls the lamb-like maid,
As innocent, affectionate, demure, and staid
As is the rushing fount in stainless rainbow sprays,
Or sinless flowers are with which mild Agnes plays.

She plucks pure blossoms; weaves a wreath angelic
sweet;
Fond lilies for clean hearts; dear roses faith entreat;
Charmed immortelles for hope; and love carnations vow;
And all the fragrant blooms to crown her virgin brow.

As is her nature glad, her heart with grace o'erflows;
In her soul's garden God tills every bloom that blows;
Rare purity, faith, hope, and love, her life to guide,
And all the virtues that adorn Christ's loving bride.

The demons rave; in hate their victim she must be;
"Declare your heart to lust, and we will set you free."
In God she trusts; no wiles or taunts enslave her heart;
That virgin lily gleams and shames the tempter's art.

A faithful Christian be, and live in faithless Rome
Proud Satan will not grant: this is his royal home.
"Incense, then, offer on the idol's altar stone."
To none she renders worship, but her God alone.

The brutal soldier tears her laurel wreath away;
In her pure heart all virtues beam in loyal sway.
Her virgin blood she sheds for faith and purity,
And dwells with God in bliss through all eternity.

Rev. T. F. Kramer, C. PP. S.

Letter Box

(Address all letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER to
Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

3901 Gittens St., N. S. Pitts., Pa., Nov. 13, 1922.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first typewritten letter I have ever tried to
write so I am going to try to make it a success.

I was very glad to see my letter in print and I want
to thank you for publishing the poems I sent.

I am sending you a poem for Christmas, hoping you
will like it and also try to publish it for Xmas.

Your loving niece,

Eleanor Deer.

THE CHRISTMAS MASSES

The bells thro' the darkness are ringing.
Come, haste to God's temple with me!
The priest at the shrine is beginning
The first of his Masses three,
The Mass at the holly-wreathed altar,
That tells us, this beautiful morn
That Christ in the breast of his Father,
Forever and ever is born.
O Babe, on His bosom thou liest,
Begotten, yet coequal still.
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace unto men of good will!

Behold on the altar's fair table
The second Mass shows us with joy
The Mother, in Bethlehem's stable,
Adoring her kingly Boy.

The tapers that shine from the chancel
(There the smoke of the incense hath curled)
Are types of mankind's shining ransom,
Of Mary's glad light of the world.
O Babe, on her bosom thou liest,
Safe screened from the night's bitter chill.
Glory to God in the highest and
Peace unto men of good will!

Draw nearer, the sacrifice holy
Is offered the father again,
And now the Child Jesus, all lowly,
Is born in the hearts of all men.
Around the Communion rail cluster,
"Venite" sweet voices intone;
In this house of prayer, full of luster,
Each heart has a crib of it's own.
O Babe, on our bosom thou liest,
Thy blood thro' our being doth thrill.
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace unto men of good will!

P. S. Aunt Agnes, I hope you will excuse the mis-
takes, but I tried hard.

Eleanor Deer.

The Sunshine of Childhood

(Contributed)

The teacher had spent a half hour talking to her
little ones about the Blessed Virgin's love for the in-
nocence of childhood. Next morning she asked what the
Blessed Virgin loves. Charles was so eager to answer
he couldn't wait to be called on. "She loves snakes,"
he shouted, "least, she always took one along when she
had her picture took."

James was going with his mother to attend the cere-
monies at which his oldest sister in the convent would
make perpetual vows. Being asked where he was go-
ing, he answered, "I'm goin' a see my sister make per-
capital vowels."

Frances—"I read today that little Bopeep lost her
sheep."

Mother—"That is not all. What came after that?"

Frances—"A period, mother."

The Quality of Mercy is not Strained

Most distressing reports reach us from many quar-
ters beyond the seas. Cries of help, we perish, encircle
the globe and ring constantly in our ears. The groans
of the starving millions in foreign lands reecho on our
shores. From Near East and Far East, from China
and India, from Russia and Central Europe come most
urgent calls for immediate relief. The rest of the world
turns with expectant eyes towards America.

Although the Holy Father's relief expedition has
reached Russia, it is estimated that 7,000,000 people in
that unfortunate land will face death from starvation
this winter. Rev. Fr. Dorotheus Schilling, O. F. M., a
missionary from China, has established himself in New
York to beg for the tens of thousands in the Huan Ho
district who lost all their possessions in the floods last
fall. Many commit suicide, he says, while in their
effort to keep body and soul together, parents sell their
children, husbands their wives. He desires Mass sti-
pends for the missionaries, food and clothing for the
people.

There is practically no end to the appeals that are made to us day in day out, in person, by letter, from the pulpit, and by the press. If we cannot give much, we can give little. What we can spare let us give promptly and ungrudgingly, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. This is the Lord's harvest time; He is looking for fruits of mercy. Shall He pass you by because your tree yields nothing but leaves?

Benedictine Chronicle

(Continued from page 281)

Paolo, Brazil, has just seen its abbatial church raised to the dignity of a Minor Basilica. His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., as special delegate of the Pope, was present at the dedication. The church is constructed of red and blue granite in the English Gothic style. At its head is the Lord Abbot Michael Kruse, a Benedictine of great learning and zeal. The Benedictine High School has 470 students and St. Michael's night school has an enrollment of 250.

—Some recent books by Benedictines: "The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal," by Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B., monk of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, is a work of scholarly distinction. It is prefaced by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hugh Henry, Litt. D., LL. D., poet, lecturer, hymnologist, and translator into English verse of the poems, charades, and inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII. Father Britt's work provides an introductory study on the hymns of the Roman breviary and missal. It contains 173 hymns of which five are sequences. Since the bull "Divino Afflatu" (1911) there has been no work of this kind which even approximately covered the ground. Let us hope that the author's patient labor will serve to enkindle in the hearts of beginners a love for the hymns of Holy Church, for not a few of the Latin hymns need intelligent commentaries for their elucidation.

A new life of St. Benedict, a "psychological Essay" of some 285 pages, with three illustrations, by the Rev. Dom Léonard Hébrard, pastor of the Abbey Church at St. Martin, Vienne, France, has just been issued. This is the first time that an essay has been produced having for its theme the soul and personality of the great Patriarch. In the company of the author the readers will contemplate the motives of the saint and then understand the secret of his influence and the beauty of the monastic life inaugurated by him. Even some, perhaps, will wish to live by the spirit of the saint and will join his family, in the world as oblates or in the monastery. Dom Hébrard's work differs from all other works on the same subject because it is psychological. On page 203 the author has a chapter on the much mooted question: "Was St. Benedict a priest?" He emphatically answers in the affirmative.

A posthumous work of Dom J. Besse, (1863-1920), edited by Dom Charvin, is "The Tomb of St. Martin of Tours." This work was delayed by the World War and by the premature death of the author. It contains

467 pages, has many plates and photogravures, and deals with the discovery of St. Martin's tomb and his works.

From Benziger Brothers comes an excellent work: "The Confessions of Venerable Dom Augustine Baker," (1575-1641), by Dom Justin McCann, monk of Ampleforth Abbey, England, and Head Master of St. Bennet's Hall, Oxford. The confessions are taken from the 'secretum' written by Father Baker for the use of the English Benedictine nuns of the Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation at Cambrai, now at Stanbrook, to whom the author was then acting as spiritual director. The 'secretum' has two parts, each different in character. In the second part the author supplies a commentary on the 'cloud of unknowing,' while in the first part he discourses at large on the subject matter of the book, which he describes as "active mystic contemplation." But a considerable portion of the first part is an account of his own mystical experience, set forth as the experience of a scholar or disciple whose direction he had undertaken. It is to this personal matter that the name of the "Confessions of Father Baker" has been given.

Another book that may serve as a contribution to that fascinating age, the twelfth century, which still awaits its historian, is "The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde, O. S. B.," by Francesca Steele, (Darley Dale), with a preface by the Very Rev. Prior of Hawesyard, O. P. This work might have been entitled "a study in mysticism," for that is the theme of many of its pages: yet, much that is not mysticism finds a place within them.

"The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakeland, Monk of St. Edmundsbury" is a picture of monastic and social life in the twelfth century. It is newly translated (1922) and edited by L. C. Jane, with an introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. This chronicle is one of the few medieval documents that has exercised great fascination over men's minds in these latter days. In 1840 the publication of the Latin text was presented by the Camden Society. This edition attracted the attention of Thomas Carlyle and furnished him with material for sketching his picture of "The Ancient Monk" which occupies the entire second book of "Past and Present." The chronicle is published by Chatto and Windus of London.

Abbey and Seminary

—Although the feast of the Blessed Albert the Great is not on our calendar, it is handed down by tradition in the seminary that the feast falls on November 15. It happens to be the patronal feast of the Very Rev. Rector and of course is not forgotten. What student could overlook a day on which the daily grind of study hour and class periods do not fall?

—Father Hilary's mother, Mrs. Julia DeJean, of Evansville, and Anthony Behrman, of St. Libory, Ill., a brother of Fr. Peter, were here for a visit in November.

—The Rt. Rev. Henry Althoff, Bishop of Belleville, Ill., accompanied by his secretary, Rev. George Lohmann, came on Nov. 18 to confer the diaconate on

Julius Schoen, for the Belleville diocese. At Pontifical High Mass on the following day this order was given and on the same occasion Conrad Urbach, a student for the diocese of Indianapolis, received the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte.

—Rev. S. P. Hoffman, of Effingham, Ill., who was scheduled to speak to the women of the parish on the evening of Nov. 22, made a brief address in our hall in the afternoon. The Central Society of Indiana has engaged Father Hoffman for a number of lectures in the interest of organization and social work.

—A group of six candidates for the brotherhood arrived on Nov. 23 from Bavaria. With two others that came several weeks previous and two that came in May, besides three full-fledged brothers who joined us in March, there is quite an increase in the monastic family. There are rumors afloat that we may expect more at a later date. *Deo gratias!* There are a number of vacant places to be filled.

—Snow came earlier than usual this year. The first was seen on the afternoon of Nov. 26. On the following day several inches fell in monstrous flakes, while water dripped from the eaves. Several snow men were placed on guard on the lawns.

—An enjoyable musicale, the first of the season, was given in the hall on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30. At dinner each division of the seminarians had orchestra selections on their menu to go with turkey, cranberries, and "pumpkin" pie.

—Aloysius Hirschle and Anthony Gruber, two brother candidates from ancient Swabia, were clad in the habit of St. Benedict at five o'clock Mass on the morning of Dec. 2.

—Because the third of December was the first Sunday of Advent, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the diocese, had to be transferred to the following day.

—The January number of THE GRAIL will probably reach our readers while the students are enjoying their holidays, which will begin December 22.

—It was in the wee small hours of the vigil of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 7, 1922. Dame Nature had not yet lifted the somber veil of mourning from her hidden features. Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, rang out the three-quarters from the tower clock and at once the matin bells began to send forth their first call to prayer.—It is a custom with us, inherited from Einsiedeln, to ring the bells for a quarter of an hour before Matins and before Vespers.—Those who are not gifted with ears impervious to such distant sounds at that early hour hastily leaped up from their slumber, *Deo gratias* in their hearts, and began to don the habiliments essential to state and station. Soon a pair of pattering shoeless feet sped down the hallway towards the church. At once the bells were hushed and the silence of night returned. What had happened? Had we been dreaming? Possibly. But the bells had been ringing too. In his zeal for the *opus Dei*—the work of God, as St. Benedict calls the Divine Office, the good brother sacristan had unwittingly risen an hour earlier than was wont and accordingly began to manipulate the bells as soon as the three-quarters had struck. Not accustomed to hearing the bells at 2:45, a. m., but at 3:45, the disturbed sleepers, returning to the slumbers "where left off," resumed the broken repose, and all went merry as a bell.

—Sixty-four new members were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin on Dec. 8. Owing to the great number of students and the overcrowded condition of the chapel, it was deemed advisable to make two divisions, the one, as heretofore, with the Rector of the Theological Seminary as director, the other, under the direction of the Rector of the Preparatory Seminary.

—On Dec. 9 another step was taken towards the early realization of our new highway. The contract for construction was awarded to Gogel and Daunhauer of Mariah Hill. These men intend to push the work all winter.

—Rev. Eugene O'Neill, Seminary '16-'18, is assistant at St. Michael's Church, East Kansas City, Mo.

—Rev. Francis Hagedorn, class of '21, is taking a postgraduate course in theology at the Catholic University.

—Rev. Joseph J. Rives, class of '20, now has a parochial school for his parish at Reed, Ky.

—Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, class of '68, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, entered the twenty-third year of his episcopate on the feast of St. Andrew, Nov. 30.

Book Notices

IS THERE SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH? an authorized translation from the French of Rev. J. Bainvel, S. J., by Rev. J. L. Weidenhan, S. T. L., is a book of 68 pages that is published by B. Herder Book Co., 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis.

A Catholic who is not well grounded in his faith may sometimes be tempted to wish that the Church would discard the axiom "Outside the Church there is no salvation." He will say that this teaching of the Church is antiquated, barbarous, and particularly offensive to every free and independent American. The author clearly shows such an opinion is utterly false. In seven chapters he regrets the inadequate solutions and explanations of this axiom and then briefly and concisely states the doctrine of the Church, explains it, and proves his explanations from Sacred Scripture and the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The book is written in such a way that it may be understood by the ordinary layman and nevertheless be of great service to the student and the professor of theology. Every priest should have a copy in his library. P. E.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM. A Book of Letters by the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., LL. D. 274 pages. Matre and Company, 76 W. Lake St., Chicago. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

"Dominus Vobiscum" embodies in twenty-four letters the sage counsels of an experienced pastor, addressed to a young levite during the last year of preparation for his entrance into the sanctuary. The letters, clothed in language that has created a demand for Mgr. Kelley's writings, should find their way into the hands of every seminarian. Priests will enjoy this form of pastoral theology and the letters may serve as models for their correspondence with aspirants to the holy priesthood. The laity will be rewarded by a greater appreciation of the clergy when they learn from this interesting volume to understand more fully the multitudinous cares and the many-sided activities of their priests. We recommend the book to priests, seminarians, and the laity. C. G.

D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago, 27 N. Franklin St., are the publishers of "Draw Me After Thee, O Lord," from the pen of a Poor Clare. This is a manual for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, for Confession and Communion, adapted especially to persons who wish to lead an interior life. Such souls will relish the booklet for its readings, which are full of unction. Numerous illustrations suggestive of devotion are interspersed with the reading matter throughout. A. S.

The Society of the Divine Word has issued a neat "Mission Wall Calendar" for 1923.

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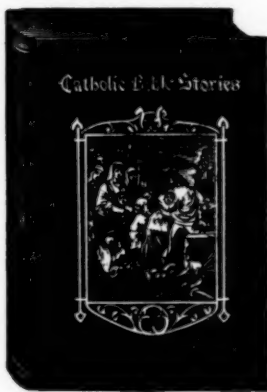
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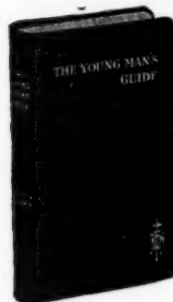


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